



RIDE THRILLING WESTERN TRAILS WITH THE **VIGILANTE**



SUPERMAN

10c

10

ACTION COMICS

FEB. NO. 165

FOR THE
SHOCK
OF THE YEAR,
Read "The
**MAN WHO
CONQUERED**

SUPERMAN



BULLY says: "BE YOURSELF-- YOUR BEST SELF!"

MY, WHAT A
CHANGE IN YOUNG
BOB HUNTER!

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S THE SAME
BOY, MISS BROWN! ONLY A MONTH
AGO, HE WAS SO UNPLEASANT AND
SLOPPY NOBODY PAID ANY ATTENTION
TO HIM!

AND WAS **HE** MISERABLE
ABOUT IT, TOO!... I REMEMBER
THAT NIGHT A MONTH AGO
AT OUR FIRST BIG SCHOOL
AFFAIR...

"MISS BROWN WAS CHAPERONE THAT NIGHT, TOO,
AND SHE TRIED TO BE NICE TO BOB..."

HMM... THAT KIDS
MAKING LIFE MISER-
ABLE FOR OTHERS--
AND HIMSELF! SOME-
BODY OUGHT TO TIP
HIM OFF...

"I DECIDED TO TAKE A CRACK
AT THE JOB MYSELF--AND I
TALKED TO HIM LIKE A DUTCH
UNCLE!"

I DON'T SEE YOU DANCING,
BOB. WHY DON'T--

AW, I CAN TAKE
CARE OF MYSELF!
WHO WANTS TO DANCE?
THAT'S FOR SISSIES!

LOOK, BOB, YOU'RE NOT FOOLING
ANYBODY--A LOT OF FELLOWS GO
THROUGH THE STAGE YOU'RE GOING
THROUGH. YOU'RE JUST NOT SURE
OF YOURSELF--SO YOU'RE DEFYING
EVERYBODY!

YOU'RE RUDE TO PEOPLE AND YOUR
APPEARANCE IS ENOUGH TO KEEP ANY
GIRL A MILE AWAY FROM YOU! LOOK
AT YOURSELF! HAIR UNCOMBED,
FINGERNAILS DIRTY, SUIT UNPRESSED
...YOU'RE A NICE KID, BOB--BUT YOU
DON'T GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE!

YOU CAN BUY A LIFETIME
TICKET TO FRIENDS, GOOD TIMES
AND **SELF-CONFIDENCE**, IF YOU
TRY BEING YOURSELF--YOUR
BEST SELF! AND THAT MEANS
LOOKING YOUR BEST AND RE-
MEMBERING THAT **GOOD MANNERS**
MEANS JUST BEING COURTEOUS
AND THOUGHTFUL OF OTHERS!

EULP! I SURE DID A GOOD
JOB OF CONVINCING BOB.
HE'S DANCING WITH **MY**
GIRL, SUSIE, NOW!

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH
LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

SUPERMAN

FROM OUTER SPACE, ANOTHER SUPERMAN HAD COME TO EARTH! IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE, YET THERE HE STOOD... Krag, THE MERCURIAN... THE MAN WHO WAS INVULNERABLE! LIKE SUPERMAN, Krag COULD LEAP INCREDIBLE DISTANCES, LAUGH AT BULLETS, AND EQUAL THE STRENGTH OF AN ATLAS! BUT, UNLIKE SUPERMAN, Krag WAS EVIL! ULTIMATELY, THESE TITANS OF STRENGTH CLASHED... AND WHEN THE COMBAT WAS OVER, THE WORLD LOOKED WITH AWE AT THE VICTOR, BECAUSE HE WAS...

*"The
MAN WHO
CONQUERED
SUPERMAN!"*

HA, HA!... HIT ME AGAIN, SUPERMAN! YOU CAN'T HURT ME!



ONE DAY IN METROPOLIS, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET, EDITOR PERRY WHITE GIVES REPORTER CLARK KENT HIS NEW ASSIGNMENT...



CLARK, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT, BUT I WANT YOU TO GET THE LOW-DOWN ON THE NEW CRIME CZAR!

IT WON'T BE EASY, PERRY...NOT EVEN HIS OWN MEN HAVE EVER SEEN HIS FACE! HE'S ALWAYS MASKED!

BUT THIS CZAR IS DEFYING LAW AND ORDER, AND WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT... NOT IN OUR TOWN! I WANT YOU TO START DIGGING FOR CLUES! GET GOING... NOW!

BOY! THE DAY THE CRIME CZAR IS UNMASKED, THAT WILL BE A REAL STORY!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A MORE STUPENDOUS STORY IS IN THE MAKING AT A NEARBY OBSERVATORY...



I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES! I MUST NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES AT ONCE!

SOON AFTER, TELETYPES CRACKLE WITH THE WORLD-SHAKING NEWS...



AND AN HOUR LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...



HERE IT COMES!

WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

MAYBE IT'S FROM MARS!

NOTICE, ON THE SHIP'S PROW, MISS LANE... A DRAWING OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM! AND THAT ARROW... POINTING TO THE PLANET MERCURY! THAT SPACE SHIP MUST COME FROM MERCURY!

OH, MY GOODNESS! I WONDER WHAT THE MAN FROM MERCURY LOOKS LIKE? HE CAN'T BE HUMAN!



THEN, A HATCH OPENS...AND ONTO EARTH STEPS THE ALIEN FROM THE DISTANT PLANET, **MERCURY!**

WHY, HE LOOKS JUST LIKE US!

MORE LIKE AN INDIAN, I'D SAY!

HE'S EVEN GOT A REDDISH SKIN!



AND SURPRISINGLY, THE MAN FROM SPACE SPEAKS IN ENGLISH!

YES... I COME FROM THE PLANET YOU CALL MERCURY! I SPEAK YOUR TONGUE BECAUSE WE MERCURIANS HAVE WATCHED YOU FOR CENTURIES WITH OUR ULTRON TELESCOPES AND RADIO RECEIVERS! AH... PARDON ME WHILE I REMOVE MY INTER-SPACE OXYGEN HELMET!



HUH! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS GUY IS REALLY FROM MERCURY! IT'S SOME KIND OF **HOAX**... OR MAYBE A **PUBLICITY STUNT** FOR A NEW MOVIE!

WAIT! I WANT TO EXAMINE THAT SPACE SHIP!



HMMM... THIS SHIP IS MADE OF A METAL NOT FOUND HERE ON EARTH!

THEN IT ISN'T A GAG! HE REALLY IS FROM MERCURY!



JUST THEN...

LOOK! HERE COMES **SUPERMAN!**



I JUST HEARD THE NEWS, FOLKS! WHERE IS THIS MAN FROM MERCURY?

WELCOME TO EARTH... I AM **SUPERMAN!**

THANK YOU... MY NAME IS **KRAG!**

WOW! WHAT A SCENE! **SUPERMAN FROM KRYPTON AND KRAG FROM MERCURY!** TWO MEN FROM ALIEN PLANETS, SHAKING HANDS ON EARTH!



WELCOME, KRAG... I'M FLEMING, THE MAYOR'S ASSISTANT! HE'S SENT ME HERE ON BEHALF OF THE FAIR CITY OF METROPOLIS!

I'M HONORED, MR. FLEMING!

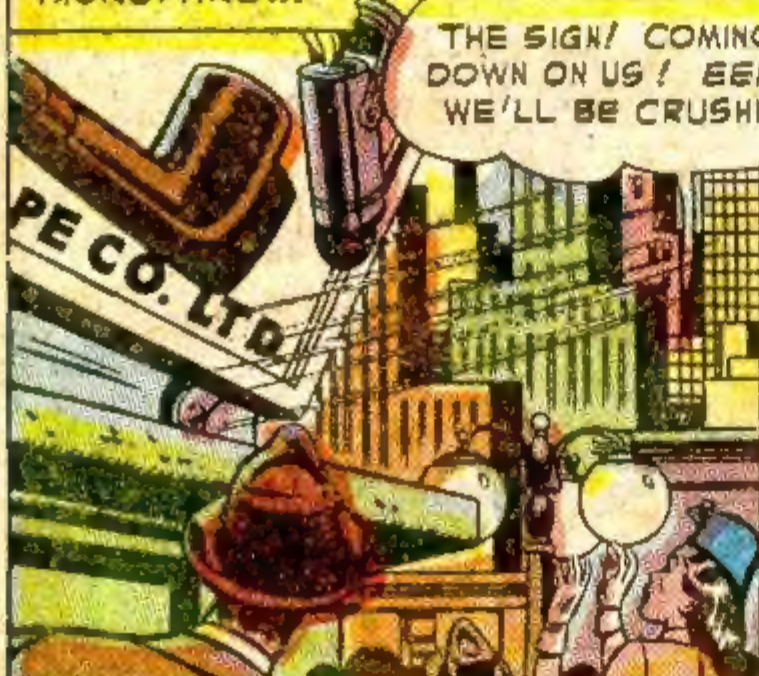


LATER, THE VISITOR TO EARTH RECEIVES METROPOLIS' FAMED TICKER-TAPE RECEPTION...



BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE OFFICIAL CAR WINDS THROUGH THE MAIN THOROFARE...

THE SIGN! COMING DOWN ON US! EEK! WE'LL BE CRUSHED!



EXCUSE ME, KRAG... THIS IS MY DEPARTMENT! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I'VE REPLACED THAT SIGN!



DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF, SUPERMAN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

HUH?



LAUNCHING FORWARD, THE MERCURIAN CATCHES THE TONS-HEAVY SIGN WITH ASTONISHING EASE!

WOW! LOOK AT HIM!

WHY... WHY, HE'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS SUPERMAN!



MAKING USE OF THE STEEL "PIPE STEM", KRAG EXPELS HIS BREATH TO POWER A FLAME THAT ACTS LIKE AN ACETYLENE TORCH...



AND WHEN THE BROKEN GIRDERS ARE RED-HOT, HE REPLACES THE SIGN, FUSING THE PARTS TOGETHER!



ALL OF A SUDDEN...

NO NEED TO USE YOUR WEAPON! I CAN PUT HIM TO SLEEP WITH ONE TAP OF MY FINGER!

IT'S Krag... THE GUY FROM MERCURY!

LOOK! HE-HE'S RIPPIN' THE DOOR RIGHT OFF THE SAFE!

YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW THE TRUTH! I WANT WEALTH AS MUCH AS YOU DO!

YOU SEE, I ESCAPED FROM A MERCURIAN PRISON! ON MERCURY, I WAS AN OUTLAW! I CAME HERE TO ORGANIZE THE UNDERWORLD! I SHALL BECOME A KING OF CRIME... AND YOU SHALL JOIN ME!

B-BUT WE CAN'T! WE ALREADY GOT A BOSS... THE CRIME CZAR! HE RUNS EVERYTHING IN METROPOLIS!

THEN TAKE ME TO HIM! WE SHALL BECOME PARTNERS... RULE TOGETHER!

HE DON'T SEE NO-BODY! HE'S BUSY MAKIN' PLANS... TRYIN' TO OUTSMART SUPERMAN!

TELL YOUR CRIME CZAR NOT TO WORRY ANY LONGER! I, Krag, SHALL REMOVE SUPERMAN... AND ALL OF METROPOLIS SHALL WITNESS HIS DOWNFALL!

LATER, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN HAS BAD NEWS FOR THE POLICE DEPARTMENT...

SURE... I RECOGNIZED HIM! IT WAS Krag!

AS IF WE DON'T HAVE TROUBLE ENOUGH WITH THE CRIME CZAR, NOW WE HAVE A CROOK FROM ANOTHER PLANET TO WORRY ABOUT!

ONCE I STRAIGHTEN THIS SAFE DOOR, I'LL GO AFTER THAT SPACE CROOK!

GOLD BUYING CO. INC.



MOMENTS LATER, ALL METROPOLIS STANDS IN AWE, AS TWO DEFIANT TITANS RUSH FORWARD LIKE CRASHING THUNDERCLOUDS...



THE VERY GROUND SEEMS TO QUIVER WITH THE SHOCK AS THE TWO GLADIATORS CLASH AND GRAPPLE...

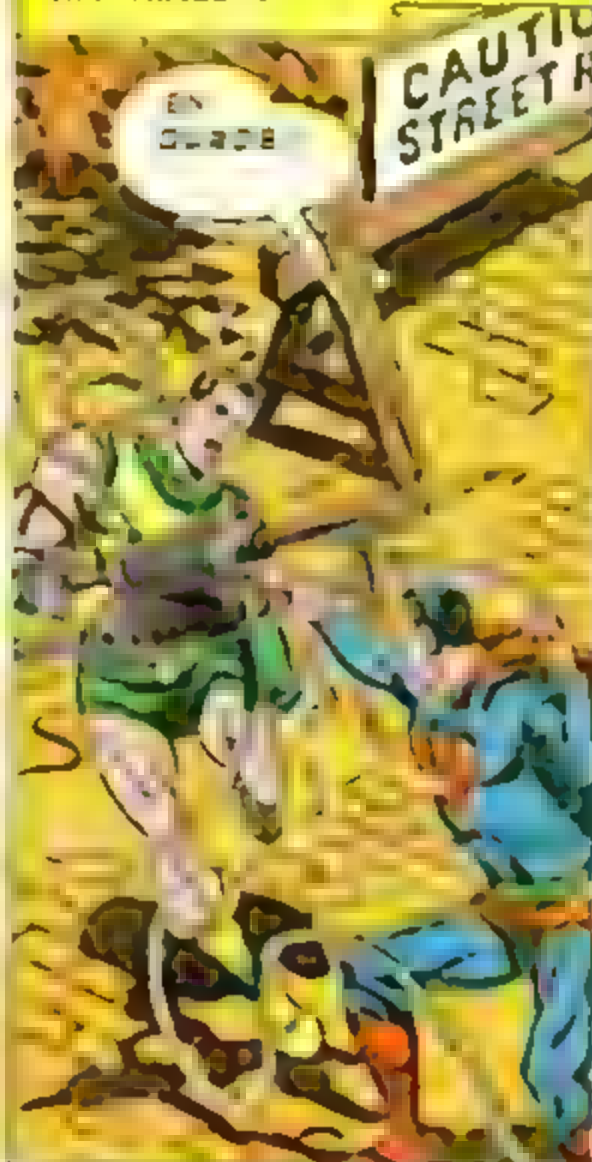




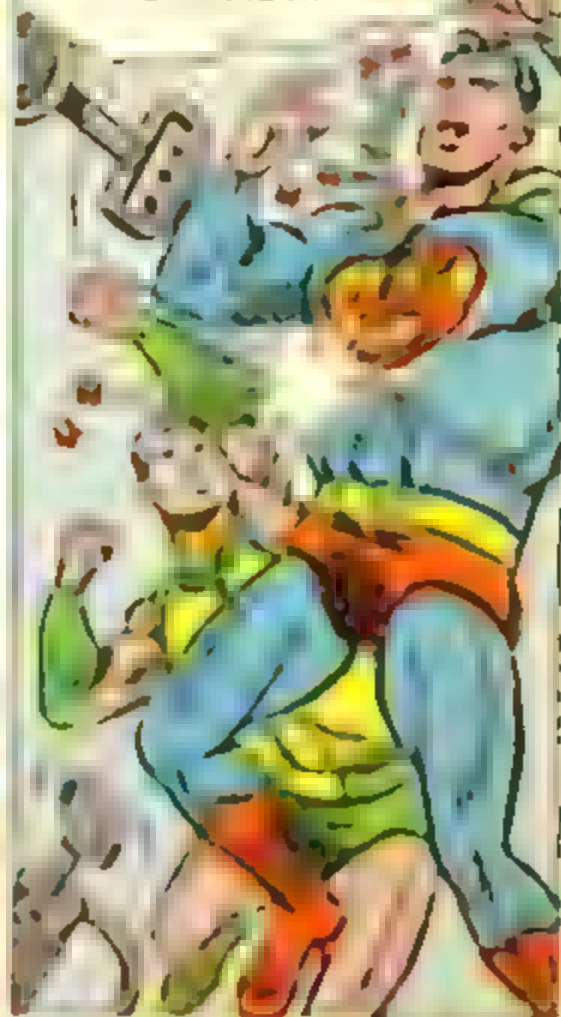
AS THE TITANIC STRUGGLE WAGES THROUGH THE STREETS, KRAG SEIZES A RIVETING MACHINE,



BUT SUPERMAN PARRIES THE THRUST!



I WAS ONLY TOYING WITH YOU, **SUPERMAN!** NOW YOU SHALL FEEL THE FULL POWER OF MY INCREDIBLE STRENGTH!

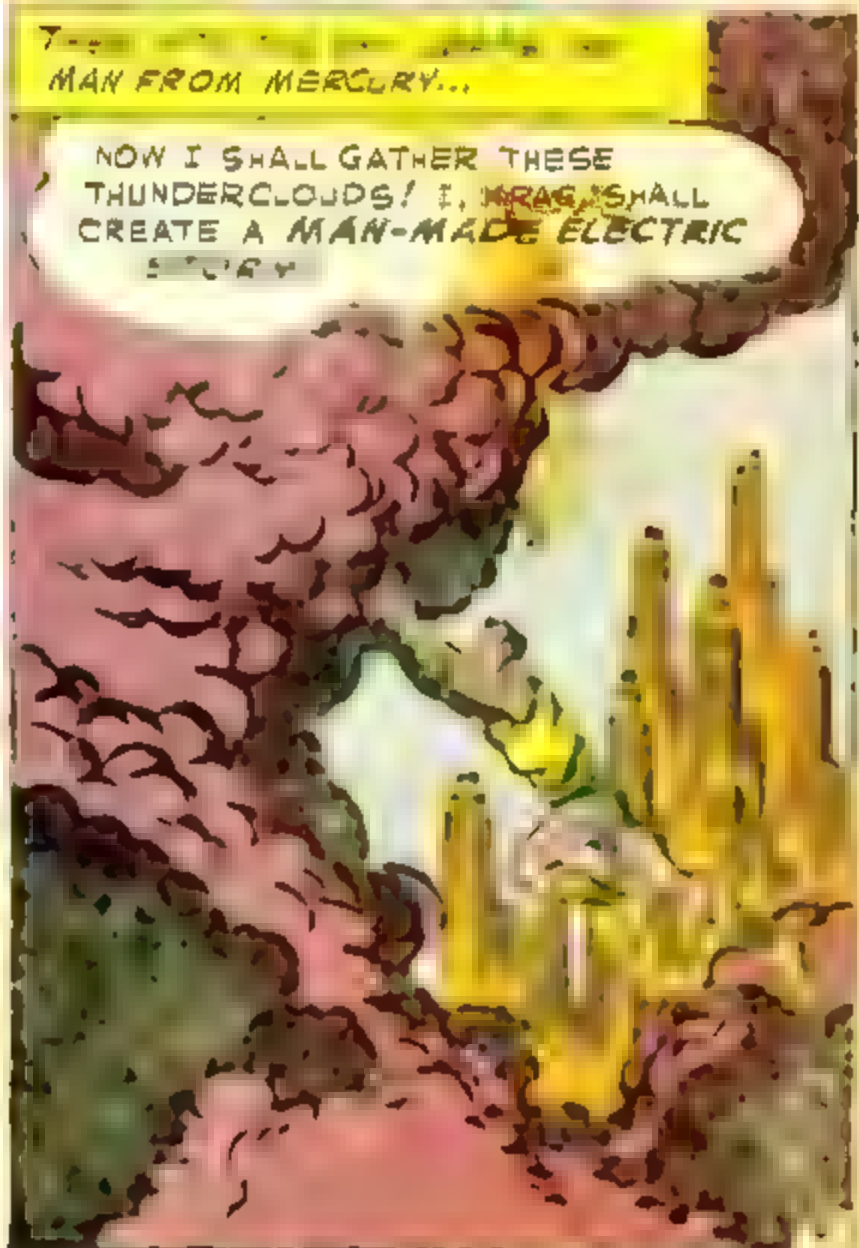


SUPERMAN FLYING SKY HIGH... OVER THE CITY'S TALLEST BUILDINGS!



THE MAN FROM MERCURY...

NOW I SHALL GATHER THESE THUNDERCLOUDS! I, **KRANG**, SHALL CREATE A **MAN-MADE ELECTRIC STORM**



AS THE TYPHOON RAGES, KAG SEIZES SUPERMAN STRAIGHT INTO THE MIST!

HOW DOES IT FEEL
BEING STRUCK BY A
SUPER BOLT OF
LIGHTNING?



SEIZING THE DAZED SUPERMAN,
KAG BEGINS TO WHIRL ROUND AND
ROUND WITH TYPHOON
VELOCITY...

NOW, **SUPERMAN**,
YOU SHALL FLY AS
YOU'VE NEVER FLOWN
BEFORE!



RELEASED, **SUPERMAN** IS
HURLED FAR OUT OVER THE
SEA... AND DOWN HE PLUMMETS,
LIKE A SPENT ROCKET!

HA, HA, HA. THIS SHOULD
PROVE THAT THE GREAT
SUPERMAN IS NOT SO GREAT
AS KAG, THE MERCURIAN!



WELL, PRETTY ONE...
DO YOU NOT HAVE A
KISS FOR THE VICTOR?



THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF
YOU... YOU **MERCURIAN**
MUSCLEHEAD!



LATER, AS A STUNNED CROWD WATCHES THE DEFEATED SUPERMAN NEARLY FALL HIMSELF TO LAND.

WELL, LOS... IT LOOKS LIKE THE BETTER MAN WON!

OH, SUPERMAN! ESORBE

SUPERMAN BEATEN!

WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED IT POSSIBLE?

IT'S LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD!

MEANWHILE...

YOU SURE PROVED YOU CAN DELIVER, KRAG! THE BOSS WANTS TO TALK BUSINESS WITH YOU!

WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOU TO K.N... BUT YOU GOTTA BE BLINDFOLDED! THE BOSS WANTS TO KEEP HIS HIDE-OUT A SECRET TILL YOU GET TOGETHER!

AFTERWARD, WHEN THE BLINDFOLD IS REMOVED, THE OUTLAW FROM MERCURY MEETS EARTH'S CRIME CZAR...

WELCOME, KRAG! AT LAST WE MEET FACE TO FACE!

NOT QUITE... FOR YOUR FACE IS STILL MASKED!

I WANT TO KNOW WHO I AM TALKING TO! AHA... I CERTAINLY KNOW THAT FACE! FLEMING... THE MAYOR'S ASSISTANT!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, KRAG? IF YOU'RE THINKING OF TRYING TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME AND TAKE OVER MY MOB, YOU'RE VERY WRONG!

ON THE CONTRARY... I'LL LET THE POLICE TAKE OVER!

MOVING AT EYE-BLURRING SPEED, KRAG SLAMS HIS FIST INTO A FILING CASE, AND...

THEY'LL PROBABLY FILE YOU UNDER "C"... CRIME CZAR CASE CLOSED!

STUNNED THE RE-ALIZATION AS THE REVEALS SHEETS UNFOLDED TO REVEAL THE FAMILIAR COSTUME OF THE MAN OF STEEL!

SUPERMAN! YOU DISGUISED AS KRAG! BUT... BUT THERE'S THE REAL KRAG?

KRAG NEVER EXISTED! WITH THE USE OF A ROBOT I MADE I WAS KRAG! I'M GOING TO SHOW IT NOW BY REMOTE CONTROL!

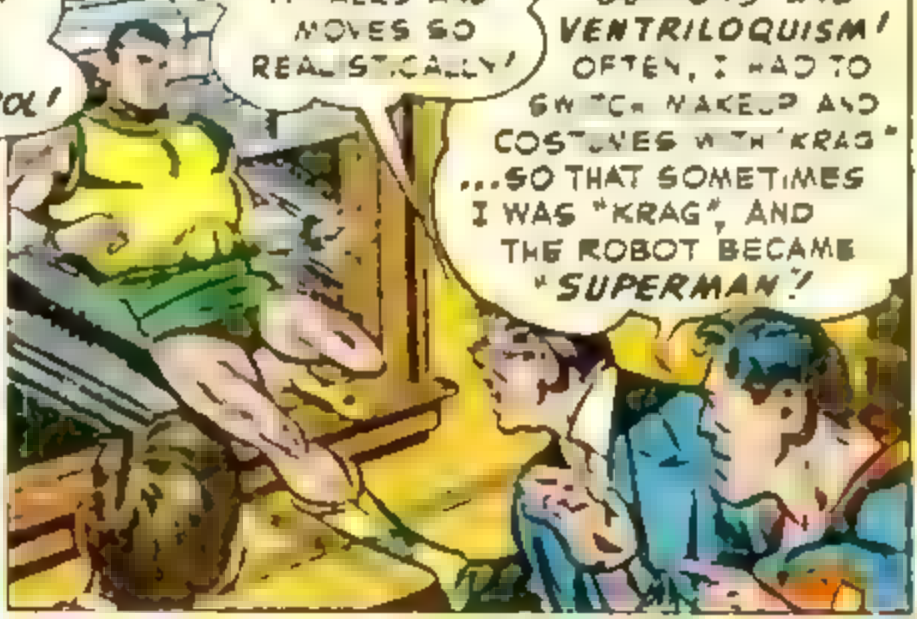


AND AS SUPERMAN PRESSES A TV CONTROL PANEL STRAPPED UNDER HIS SHORT SLEEVE

HELLO SUPERMAN!

THAT'S A ROBOT? BUT IT TALKS AND MOVES SO REALISTICALLY!

I MANAGED THAT WITH CONTROL BUTTONS AND VENTRILOQUISM! OFTEN, I HAD TO SWITCH MAKEUP AND COSTUMES WITH 'KRAG'... SO THAT SOMETIMES I WAS 'KRAG', AND THE ROBOT BECAME 'SUPERMAN'!



KRAG AND THE ROCKET SHIP WERE MADE OF THE SAME SUPER HARD METAL THAT I FOUND ON THE PLANET MERCURY! YOU SEE, MY RUSE HAD TO BE BELIEVABLE... IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD EVER UNMASK THE CRIME CZAR!



LATER, WHEN THE TRUTH HAS BEEN REVEALED TO THE WORLD...

WELL, LOS, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY SUPERPERSONA? IT CERTAINLY HAD YOU FOOLED!

YES, IT DID... BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE'S ONLY ONE SUPERMAN... FOR ME!



ADVERTISEMENT

OUT OF THIS WORLD by Necco

THE TAIL OF A COMET ALWAYS POINTS AWAY FROM THE SUN NO MATTER WHICH WAY THE COMET IS HEADING.



THIS MEANS THAT AT TIMES THE TAIL LEADS THE COMET.

WHEN YOU'RE ON THE TRAIL OF A DELICIOUS CANDY TREAT, Necco WAFERS ARE ALWAYS IN THE LEAD!



A LOT FOR A LITTLE!

George Mikan

"Mr. Basketball" Minneapolis Lakers

What sparks a Champion sparks YOU!

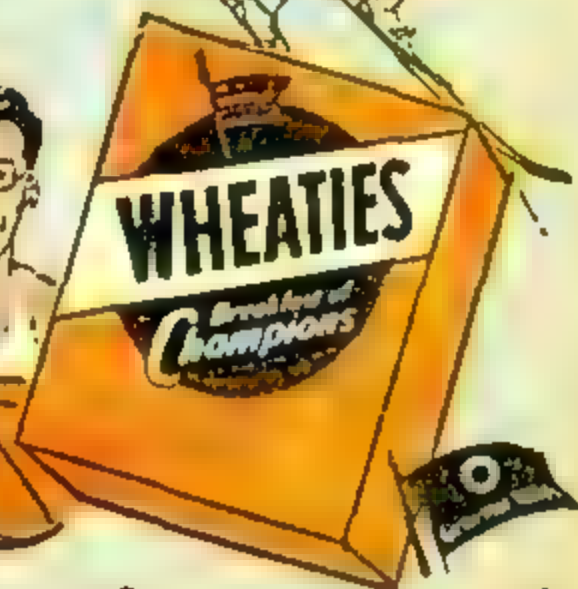
AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE WHEATIES!

CUTAWAY
VIEW OF
WHEAT
KERNEL

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

Every Wheaties flake you eat gives you a whole wheat kernel's worth of energy . . . the same whole wheat energy the champions want! You want it, too. And you can count on getting it . . . everytime in Wheaties.

Wheaties
give you ALL
the grain!



"Breakfast of Champions!" ®



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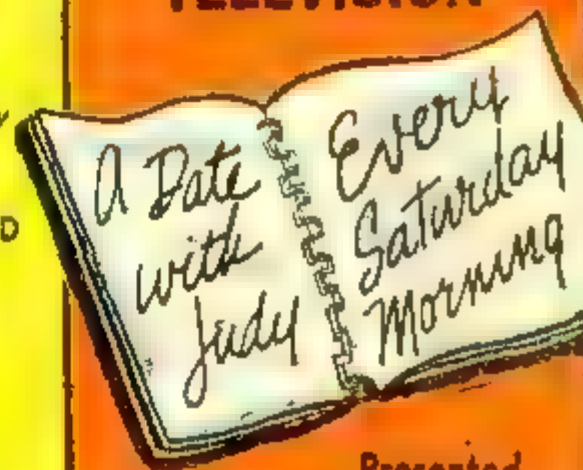
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Tommy Tomorrow

THE WORLDS OF TOMORROW HAVE DIFFERENT NATIVE PEOPLES, DIFFERENT CUSTOMS... AND DIFFERENT KINDS OF MONEY! THE STRANGE TREE-MONEY OF EARTH AND THE RARE AND COSTLY MONEY OF PLUTO... THE GOLD COINS OF EARTH AND THE GIANT COINS OF MERCURY... IT IS TO EXCHANGE THESE ALIEN CURRENCIES THAT THE SOLAR SYSTEM BANK WAS ESTABLISHED! AND WHEN THAT GREAT BANKING INSTITUTION IS THREATENED TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS MUST USE FINANCIAL WIZARDY AS WELL AS SPACE-SKILL IN HIS FIGHT FOR...

THE BANK OF THE FUTURE!

THE GIANT MERCURIAN COINS ARE GOING TO CRUSH ME!

ON A STAY AT THE PLANETER A STRANGE AND DANGEROUS TAKES PLACE!

THOSE BAD BANDITS ARE STEALING OUR PLANET'S TREE-MONEY!

NEAR AND FART COULD BE SWEETER PICKING MONEY OFF TREES!

BUT... ONLY THREE PLANETEERS TO A CRUISER!

OUR CALL FOR HELP WAS ANSWERED... HERE COMES A PLANETEER CO. CEO!

THERE'S ONLY TWO PLANETEERS TO A CRUISER... WE CAN FIGHT BY OURSELVES!

BUT THESE TWO PLANETEERS ARE COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS PAL, BRENT WOOD!

GIVE THEM THE HAND-RAJ, BRENT... IT'LL KNOCK THEM COLD WITHOUT HARMING THEM!

AND THEY'LL WAKE UP IN JAIL!

I STILL DON'T GET IT... WHY WERE THEY STEALING THESE QUEER-LOOKING LEAVES?

THESE METALLIC TREES GROW METAL LEAVES THAT ARE MONEY ON THIS WORLD, BRENT! IT'S ONE OF THE MANY STRANGE CURRENCIES OF THE SYSTEM!

WHY DON'T YOU DEPOSIT YOUR TREE-MONEY IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM BANK FOR SAFEKEEPING?

WE'VE HEARD RUMORS THAT THE **BANK** IS NO LONGER SAFE!

NONSENSE! MY FRIEND JON WHITLEY IS CASHIER OF THE BANK... AND THEY'VE GOT THE SAFEST VAULTS IN THE SYSTEM!

IF YOU SAY SO, IT MUST BE... WILL YOU TAKE OUR MONEY HERE? WE'LL ROCK TALL ONCE!

LATER, THE SPACE ACE JETS TOWARD THE FURTEST MOON IN THE SYSTEM!

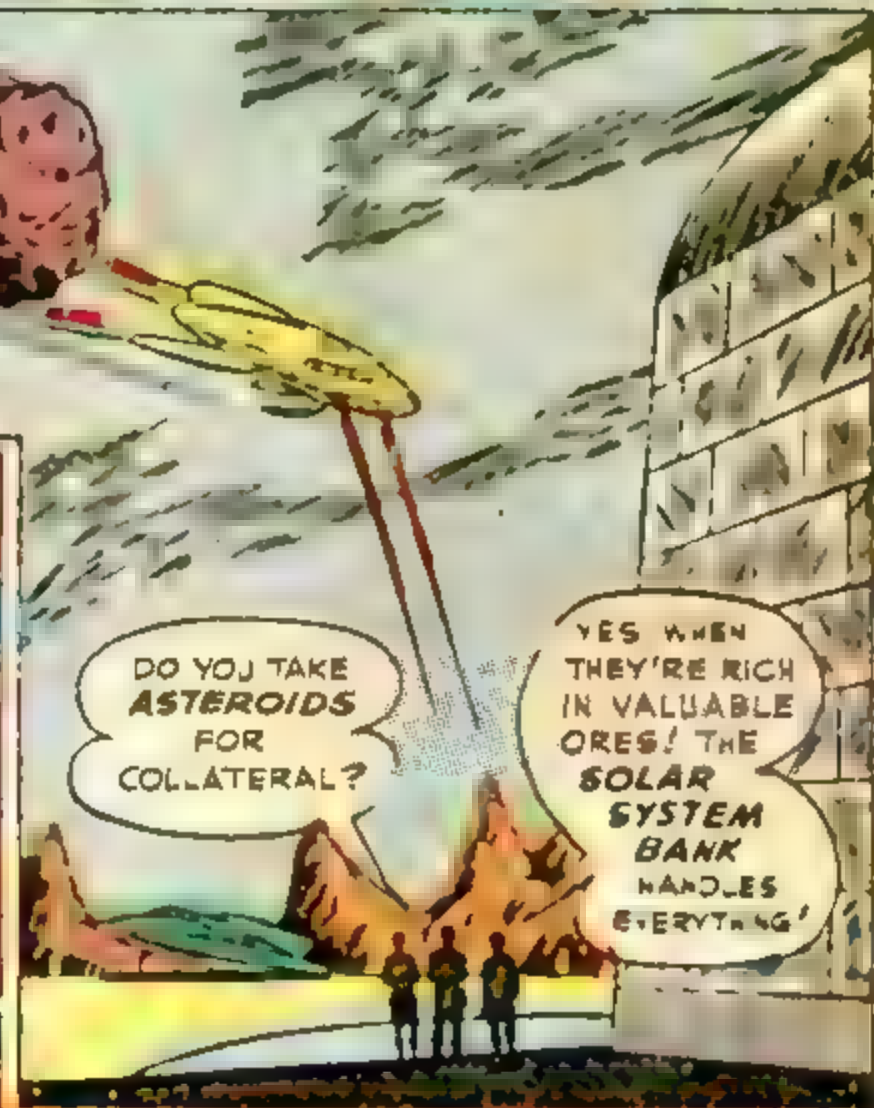
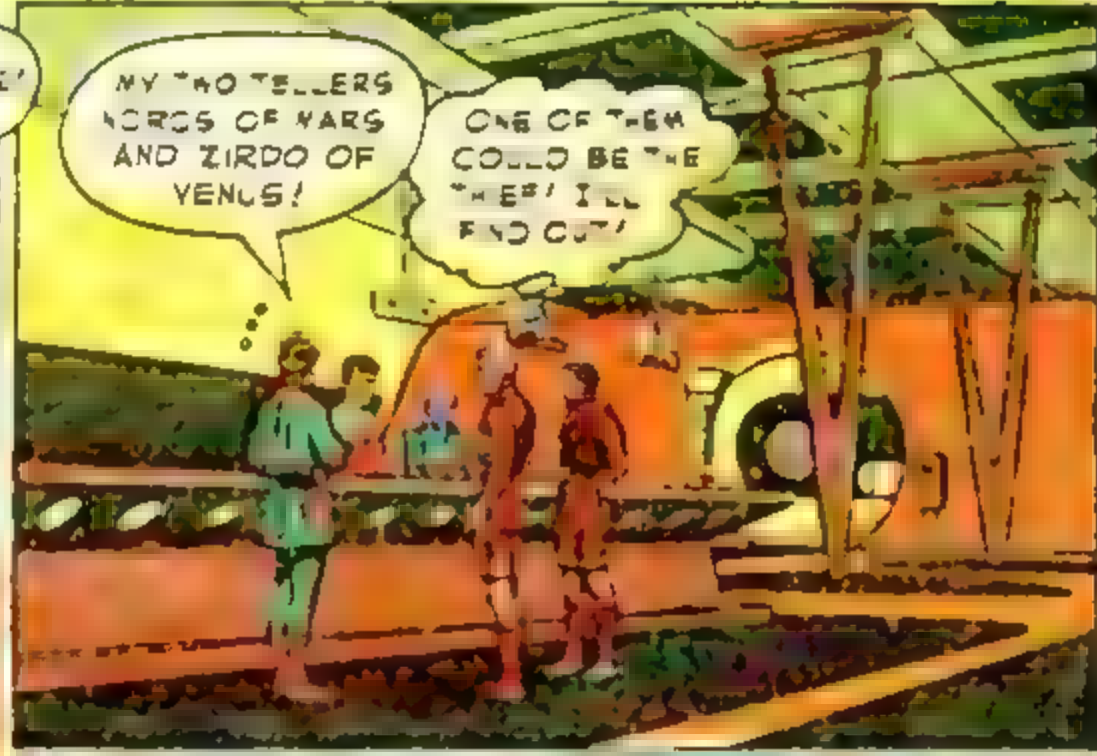
HERE'S THE SOLAR SYSTEM BANK, BRENT! IT HANDLES MONEY OF ALL DIFFERENT WORLDS!

RUNNING IT MUST BE QUITE A JOB FOR YOUR FRIEND WHITLEY!

IT'S A RESPONSIBILITY WHICH WEIGHTS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW!

WHO STARTED ALL THOSE WILD LIES ABOUT THE **BANK** BEING UNSAFE?

TOMMY, THEY'RE **TRUE!** I'VE A BIG SHORTAGE IN MY ACCOUNTS! I DON'T KNOW WHO'S GUILTY OF IT, BUT I'LL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE!



AS THE BANK BEGINS ITS DAILY BUSINESS



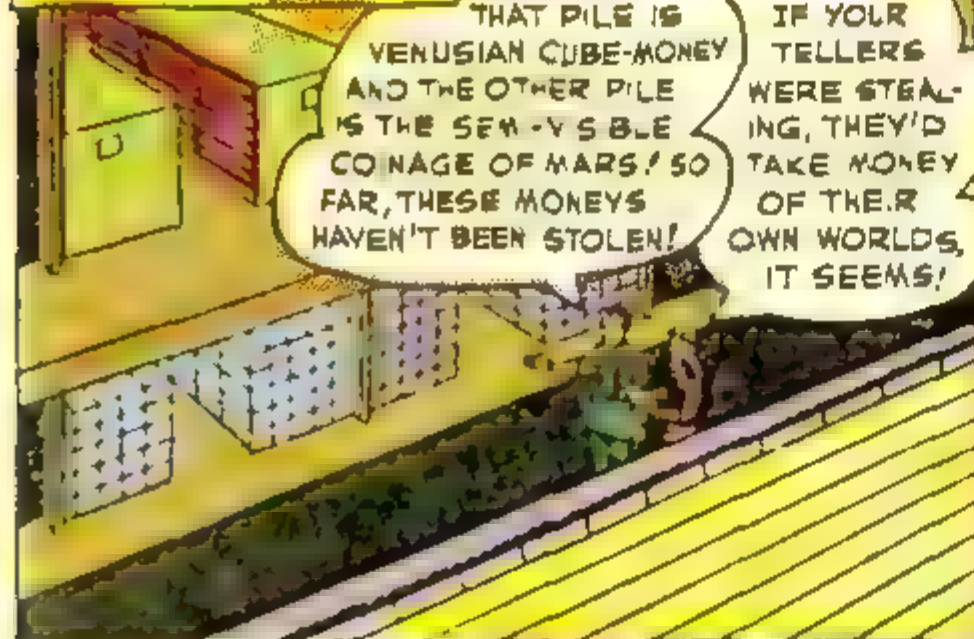
IN THE GIANT VAULTS WHERE THE STRANGE MONIES OF MANY WORLDS ARE DEPOSITED...

THAT PILE IS VENUSIAN CUBE-MONEY AND THE OTHER PILE IS THE SEM-VISIBLE COINAGE OF MARS! SO FAR, THESE MONIES HAVEN'T BEEN STOLEN!

IF YOUR TELLERS WERE STEALING, THEY'D TAKE MONEY OF THEIR OWN WORLDS, IT SEEMS!

YES... SO NEITHER OF THEM IS A LOGICAL SUSPECT! BUT THAT LEAVES ONLY ME!

DON'T DESPAIR.. I WANT TO SEE THE OTHER DEPOSITS!



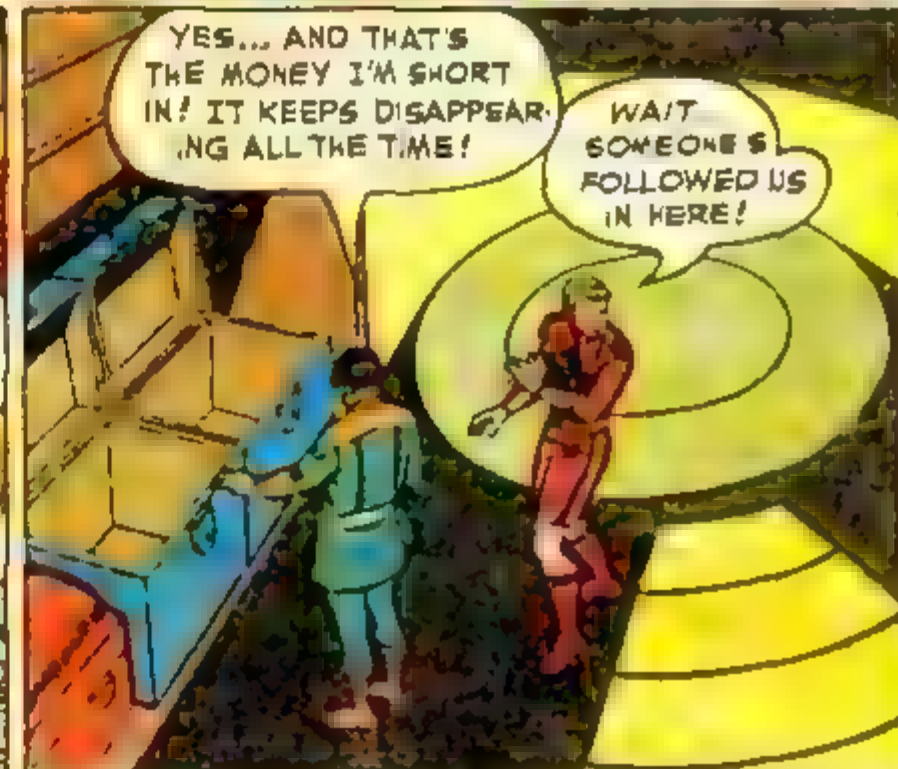
THESE GIANT COINS OF MERCURY WEIGH LITTLE ON THAT WORLD... BUT ARE HEAVY HERE! AND THOSE ARE THE RARE ATOM-CRYSTALS OF PLUTO, USED FOR MONEY THERE. MARVIN NORREL, AN EARTHMAN MINE OWNER OF PLUTO, DEPOSITED THEM!

HM... I'VE SEEN SUCH CRYSTALS! IS THERE EARTH GOLD HERE?



YES... AND THAT'S THE MONEY I'M SHORT IN! IT KEEPS DISAPPEARING ALL THE TIME!

WAIT! SOMEONE'S FOLLOWED US IN HERE!



IS THERE A RUN ON THE BANK! EVERYONE WANTS TO DRAW OUT THEIR DEPOSITS!

THIS MEANS RUN FOR ME!

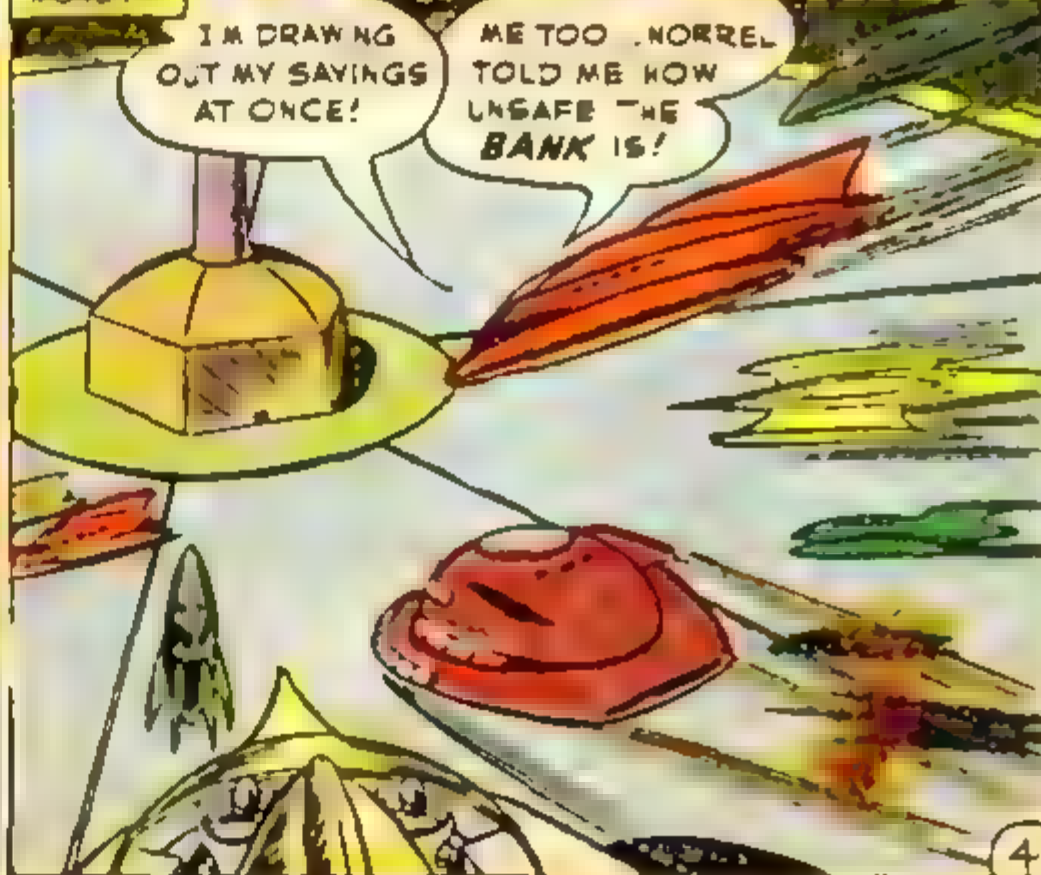
COME ON... WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT RUN!



SPREADING RUMORS ABOUT THE BANK HAVE BROUGHT PANICKY DEPOSITORS FROM ALL OVER THE SYSTEM TO WITHDRAW THEIR MONEY!

I'M DRAWING OUT MY SAVINGS AT ONCE!

ME TOO. NORREL TOLD ME HOW UNSAFE THE BANK IS!



OUTSIDE THE BANK, TOMMY TOMORROW TRIES TO REASSURE THE WORRIED DEPOSITORS

YOUR DEPOSITS ARE QUITE SAFE!

SO YOU SAY BUT WE'VE HEARD THINGS! I'M MARVIN NORREL, AND I'M GOING TO WITHDRAW MY ATOM-CRYSTAL MONEY. IT'S ALL I'VE GOT!

WE'LL LET YOU WITHDRAW YOUR FUNDS IN ORDERLY FASHION. YOU FIRST MR NORREL! COME WITH US AND CHECK YOUR DEPOSITS!

I... I GUESS THIS IS THE END FOR ME!

JUST A MOMENT, NORREL! I'VE BEEN ON PLUTO A LOT AND I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE ATOM CRYSTALS AND THEIR POWERS!

YES MY CRYSTAL MONEY IS ALL THERE! I'LL TAKE IT ALONG NOW!

THEY HAVE THE STRANGE POWER OF ABSORBING THE HEAVIEST METALS LIKE GOLD, BY MAGNETICALLY DRAWING GOLD INTO THEM, ATOM BY ATOM!

PLUTONIAN MINERS USE THEM, TO ABSORB GOLD AND PLATINUM FROM DEEP DIGGINGS THEY CAN'T REACH!

THE ATOM-CRYSTALS HAVE ABSORBED ALL THE GOLD THEY'LL HOLD!

WE'LL DISTILL IT OUT OF THEM AND USE THEM AGAIN!

YOU DEPOSITED THE CRYSTALS HERE, TO ABSORB EARTH GOLD. FIGURING YOU'D THEN WITHDRAW THEM AND CHEMICALLY DISTILL THE GOLD BACK OUT OF THE CRYSTALS!

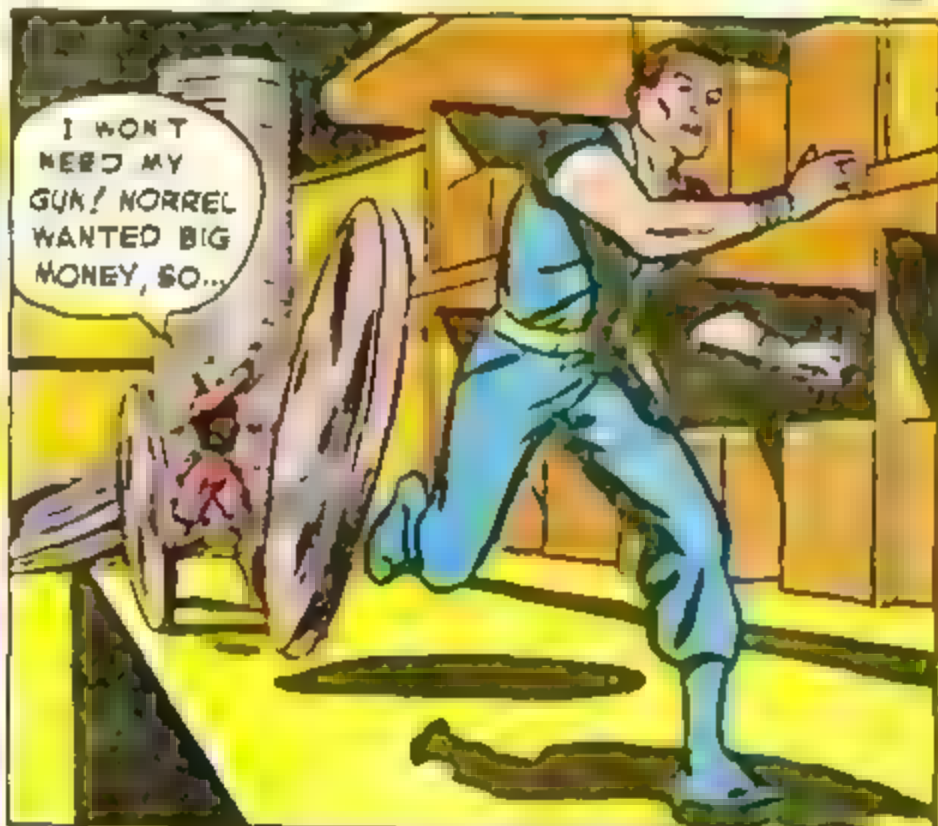
THEN HE'S THE THIEF!

YOU WON'T LIVE TO REVEAL IT!

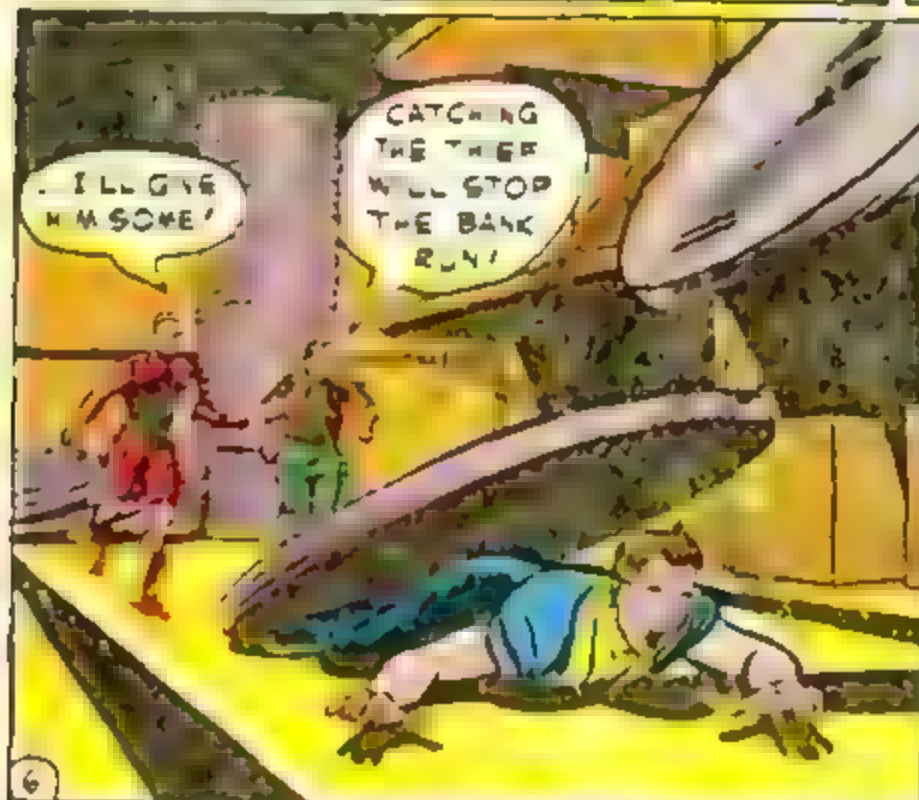


I'VE GOT YOU SAFELY OUT, WHITLEY... AND I'LL GET HIM NOW!

DON'T USE YOUR RAY-GUN... YOU'LL DESTROY DEPOSITORS' MONEY!



I WON'T NEED MY GUN! NORREL WANTED BIG MONEY, SO...



I'LL GIVE HIM SOME!

CATCHING THE THREE WILL STOP THE BANK RUN!



LATER, AFTER CONFIDENCE IN THE BANK HAS BEEN RESTORED...

YOU SAVED MY CAREER, TOMMY... AND THE BANK, TOO! IF THERE'S ANY WAY I CAN REPAY YOU...

JUST LET ME BE ON MY WAY! AFTER ALL THIS HIGH FINANCE, SPACE-PATROL WILL BE NICE AND RESTFUL!

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"GOO IS THROO!" SAYS BERT PARKS

TV STAR OF "BREAK THE BANK"



MEET THE NEW CREAM HAIR TONIC THAT'S NOT GREASY OR STICKY... YET GROOMS HAIR POSI-TV-LY PERFECT ALL DAY!

CLEANER TO USE... NO STICKY HANDS, HAIR OR COMB!

DIFFERENT BECAUSE IT'S LIGHT-BODIED!

NEW!

VITALIS Hair CREAM

— by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitamins

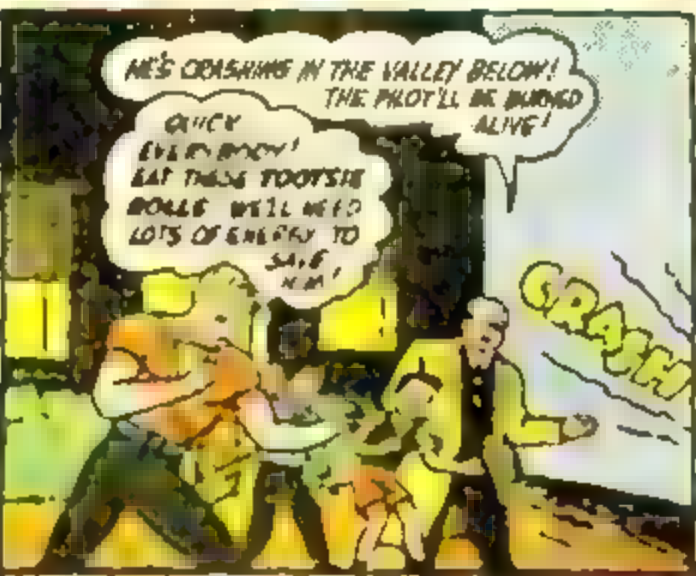
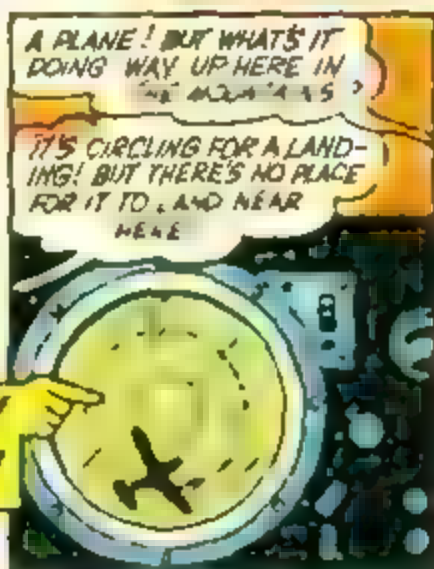
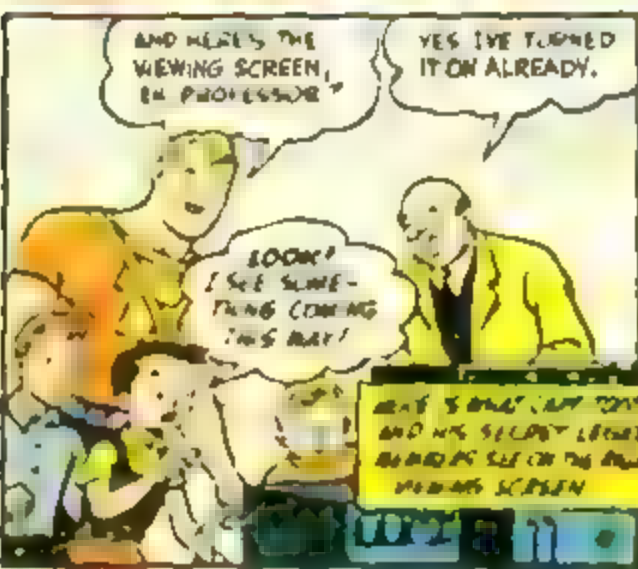
HOMOGENIZED FOR EASY FLOW. IN HANDY SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE

MONEY BACK!

write us if you don't agree that it's the best cream tonic ever!

SAVE MONEY! 47¢ PER OZ. LEADING \$1.15 BOTTLE. ALL IN 24 SIZE!

Captain Tootsie[®] RADAR RESCUE



Tootsie Rolls

only 2¢

A good, wholesome candy — with a flavor all its own. Mm-m!

BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

You can get this lovely smooth-writing **BALLPOINT PEN**

FREE

for only 10 TOOTSIE ROLL or TOOTSIE POP wrappers.

TOOTSIE ROLLS, Box "P" Uptown Station
Hoboken, New Jersey

I'm enclosing 10 wrappers. Please send me a smooth-writing BALL-POINT PEN

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Tootsie POPS

2¢

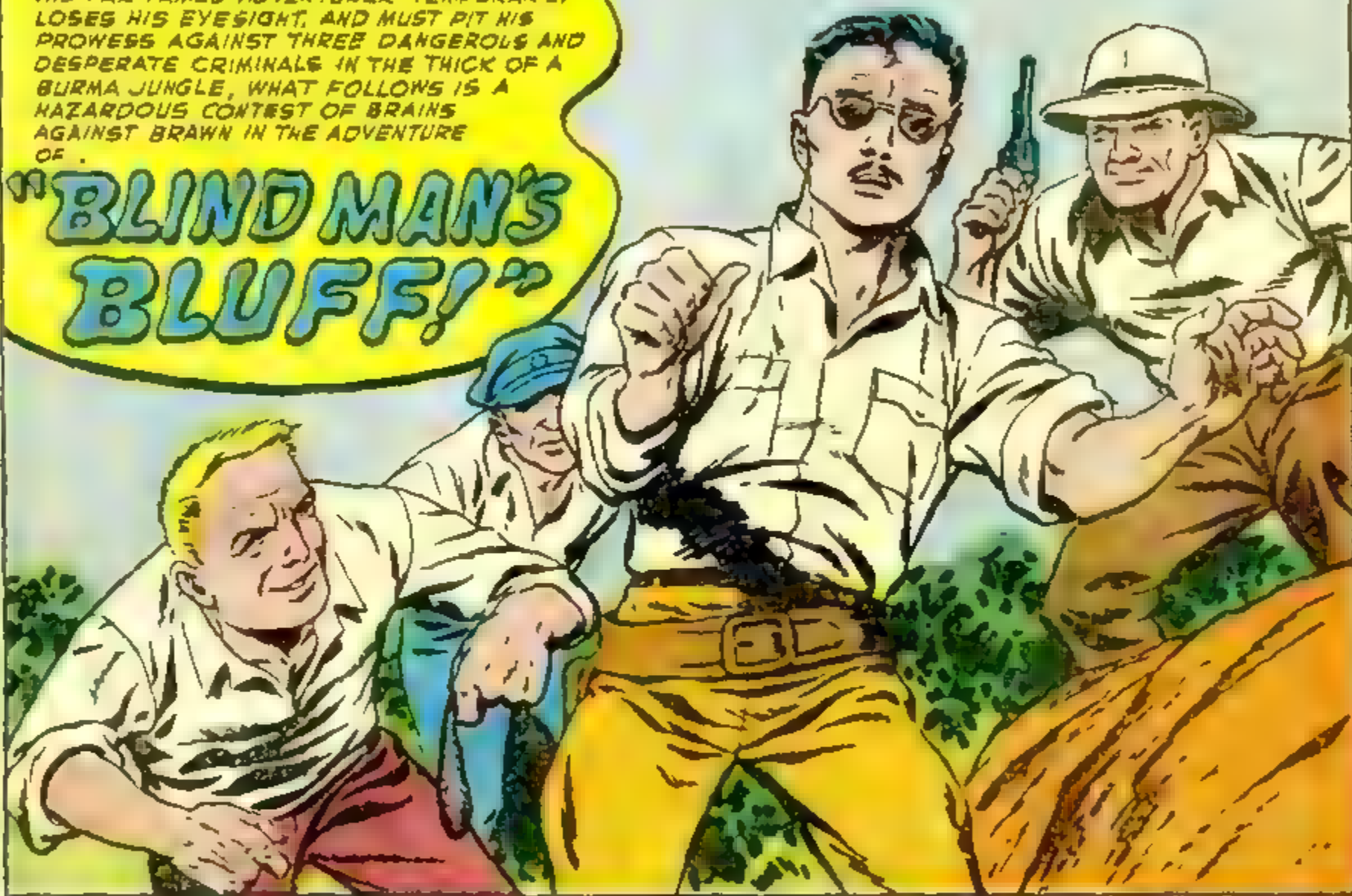
CHERRY CHOCOLATE ORANGE LEMON LIME

DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

CONGO BILL

NO MAN IS A MATCH FOR THE COMBINED POWER OF CONGO BILL'S KEEN EYES AND QUICK MIND! BUT WHEN THE FAR-FAMED ADVENTURER TEMPORARILY LOSES HIS EYESIGHT, AND MUST PIT HIS PROWESS AGAINST THREE DANGEROUS AND DESPERATE CRIMINALS IN THE THICK OF A BURMA JUNGLE, WHAT FOLLOWS IS A HAZARDOUS CONTEST OF BRAINS AGAINST BRAWN IN THE ADVENTURE OF

"BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!"



IN THE RANGOON, BURMA, BRANCH OFFICE OF WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY A LONG-DELAYED MEETING TAKES PLACE...

SO THESE ARE THE DESPERADOS I'M TO TAKE BACK TO ENGLAND TO STAND TRIAL?

YES, THANKS TO CONGO BILL, WHO NOT ONLY CAUGHT THEM SINGLE-HANDED, BUT WHILE BLINDED IN BOTH EYES!



DID YOU SAY CONGO BILL WAS **BLIND** WHEN HE CAPTURED THEM?



YES! IT ALL BEGAN SOME WEEKS AGO WHEN BILL AND I ARRIVED AT PEGU TO MEET MARTIN HALLOCK, THE SCIENTIST, JUST BACK FROM A SECRET MISSION...

THIS IS A MAP OF THE URANIUM DEPOSIT I DISCOVERED, CARR! I TRUST YOU TO GET IT SAFELY TO ENGLAND!

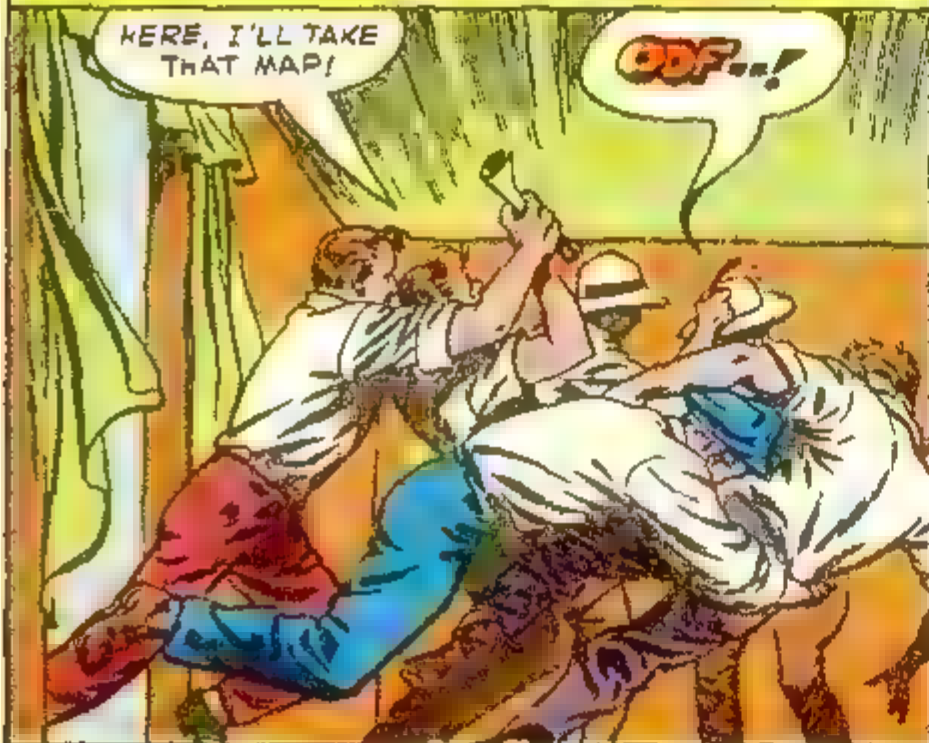
I'LL LET NO ONE BUT CONGO BILL HANDLE THIS, SIR!



"BUT AT THAT MOMENT, AN INSIDIOUS BUT WELL-LAID PLAN STRUCK WITH SWIFT AND UNEXPECTED FURY..."

HERE, I'LL TAKE THAT MAP!

BOF..!



"AND THEN, AS CONGO BILL STARTED IN PURSUIT, IT HAPPENED..."

DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET THAT MAP BACK. OH... MY EYES!

CONGO BILL'S BEEN HIT!

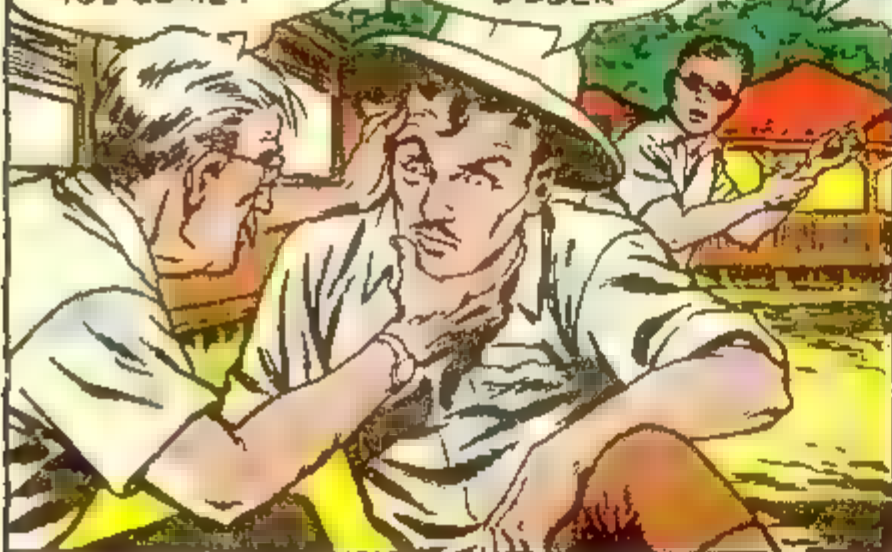


"AFTER A SWIFT BUT THOROUGH EXAMINATION..."

IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH. BILL... BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE FOR WEEKS... WAIT, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I MUST GET THAT MAP BACK! IF THEY GET AWAY, THEY'LL SELL IT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

THIS GUN! ONE OF THOSE THUGS DROPPED IT!



BUT YOU CAN'T, BILL... YOU'RE BLIND!

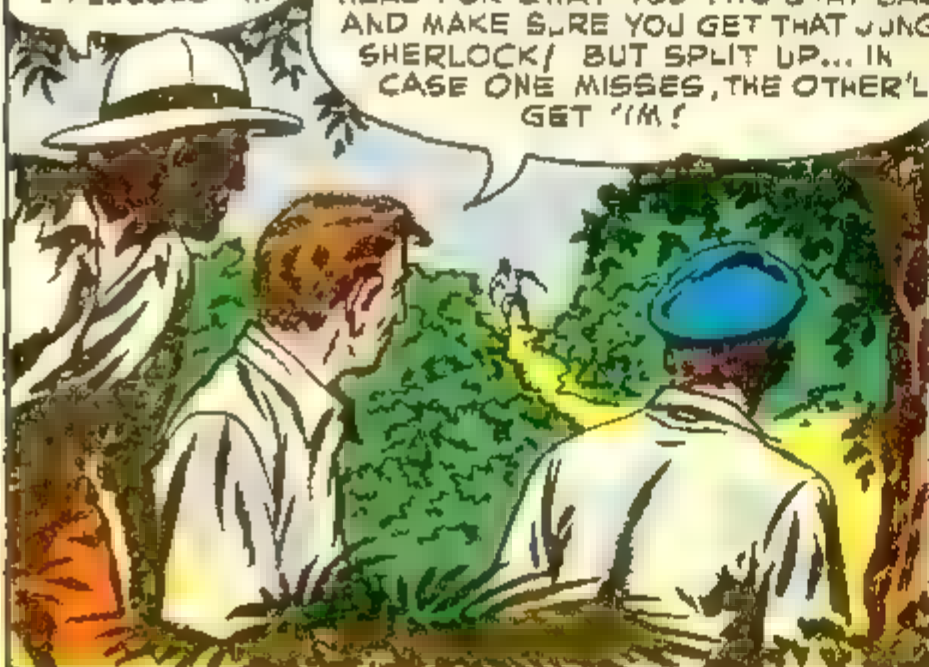
NO TIME TO ARGUE! GET SOME NATIVE POLICE AND FOLLOW MY TRAIL! MEANWHILE, I'LL WEAR YOUR SUN GLASSES SO THEY WON'T KNOW I CAN'T SEE!



"THAT WAS HOW IT STARTED! IN THE MEANTIME..."

IT'S CONGO BILL... AND I WAS SURE I PLUGGED HIM!

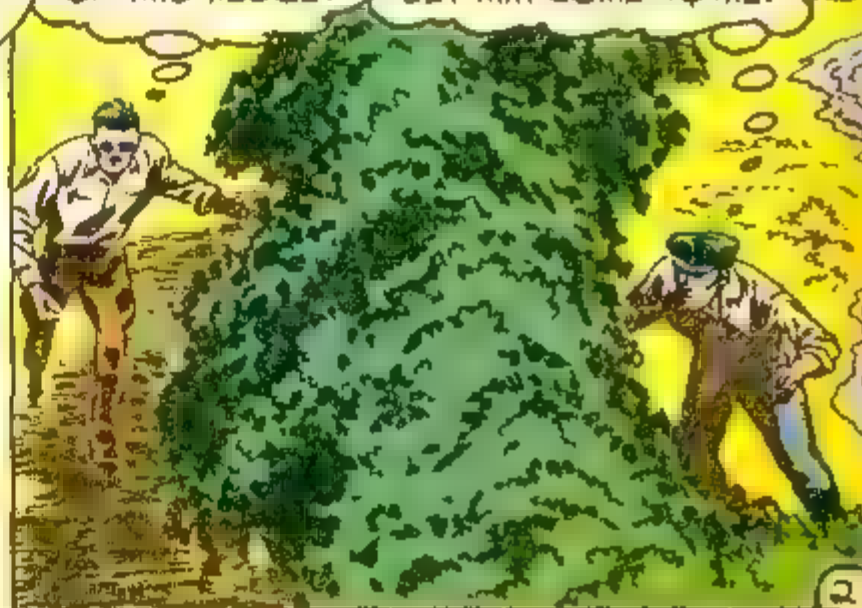
FORGET IT! NOW, LOOK... I DROPPED MY GUN, SO I'LL TAKE THE MAP AND HEAD FOR GWA! YOU TWO STAY BACK AND MAKE SURE YOU GET THAT JUNGLE SHERLOCK! BUT SPLIT UP... IN CASE ONE MISSES, THE OTHER'LL GET HIM!



"ACCORDINGLY, BEFORE LONG, CONGO BILL, SNAKING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, FACED HIS FIRST TEST..."

ONE OF THEM IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS HEDGE!

CONGO BILL'S ON THE SIDE OF THE HEDGE! I'LL LET HIM COME TO ME!





"THEN, MOMENTS LATER."

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW..!



"BUT.."

THIS LL TAKE CARE OF... OOF A... MONKEY!

WHICH IS WHAT I'M GOING TO MAKE OUT OF YOU!



"WITH ONE DOWN AND TWO TO GO, BILL'S SHARP HEARING DETECTED THE SOUND OF THE WILD CHIRPING OF BIRDS..."

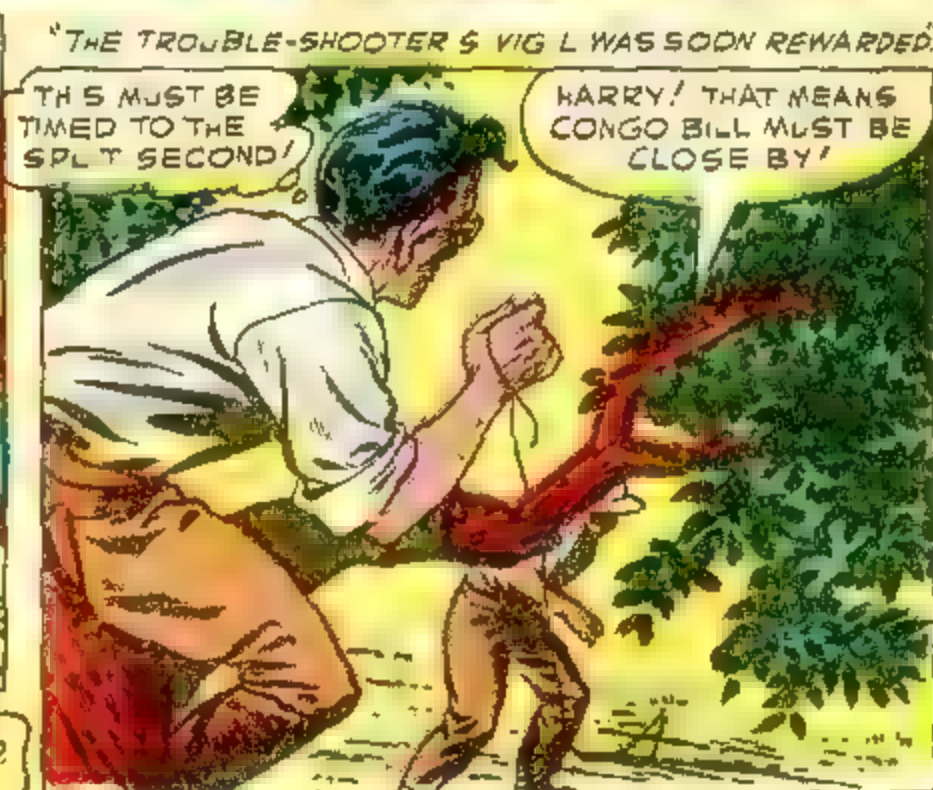
THOSE BROS SOUND SCARED...AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHO'S SCARING THEM! BUT THEY SEEM TO BE STRAIGHT AHEAD ON THIS TRAIL... WHICH MEANS, HE'S PROBABLY HEADING THIS WAY!

CHIRP! CHIRP!



"SWINGING INTO ACTION ON A SWIFTLY-DEvised PLAN, BILL STRIPPED A THIN STRIP OF SKIN OFF A LONG WEED THEN..."

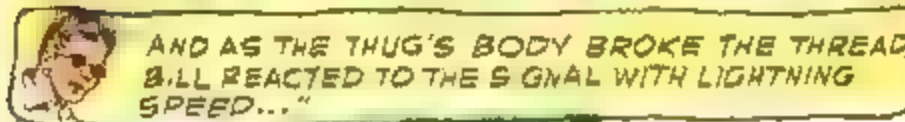
I'VE LOOPED ONE END OF THIS THREAD AROUND THAT TWIG! FROM THE COOLNESS OF THE AIR DOWN THERE, THIS TREE'S BRANCHES PROBABLY EXTEND OVER THE ROAD! BUT I MUST HURRY... HE'LL BE PASSING BY ANY MOMENT!



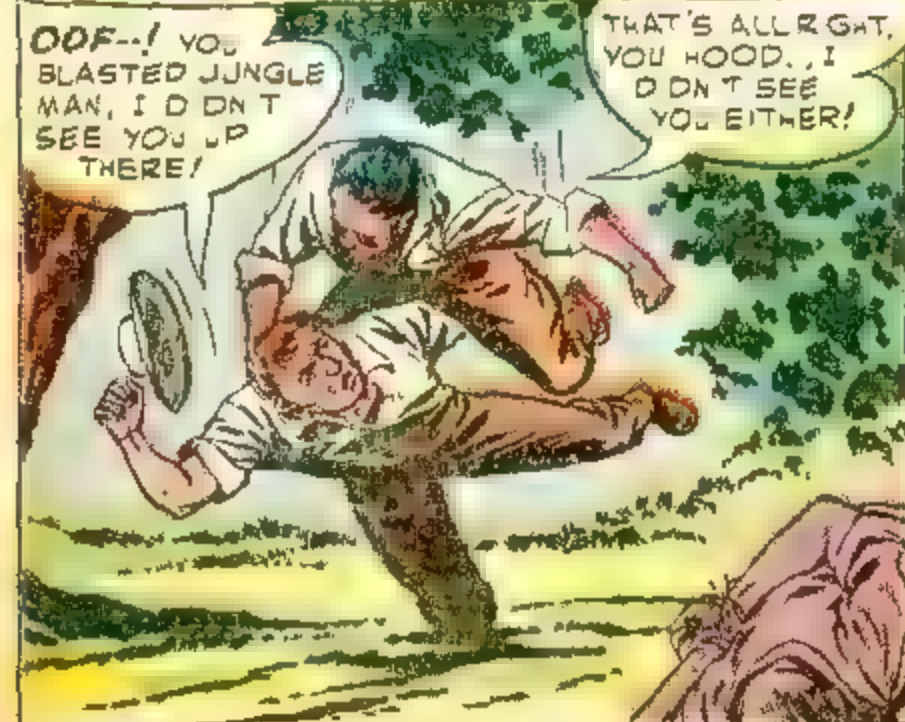
"THE TROUBLE-SHOOTER'S VIGIL WAS SOON REWARDED."

THIS MUST BE TIMED TO THE SPILT SECOND!

HARRY! THAT MEANS CONGO BILL MUST BE CLOSE BY!

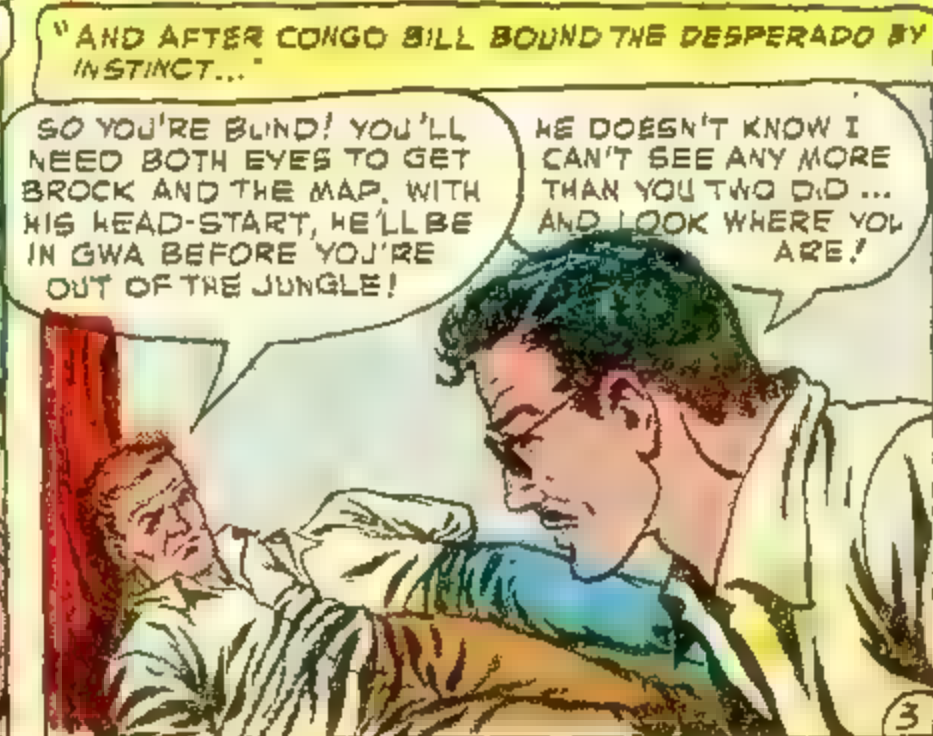


AND AS THE THUG'S BODY BROKE THE THREAD, BILL REACTED TO THE SIGNAL WITH LIGHTNING SPEED..."



OOF--! YOU BLASTED JUNGLE MAN, I DIDN'T SEE YOU UP THERE!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU HOOD.. I DIDN'T SEE YOU EITHER!



"AND AFTER CONGO BILL BOUND THE DESPERADO BY INSTINCT..."

SO YOU'RE BLIND! YOU'LL NEED BOTH EYES TO GET BROCK AND THE MAP. WITH HIS HEAD-START, HE'LL BE IN GWA BEFORE YOU'RE OUT OF THE JUNGLE!

HE DOESN'T KNOW I CAN'T SEE ANY MORE THAN YOU TWO DID... AND LOOK WHERE YOU ARE!



ACTION COMICS



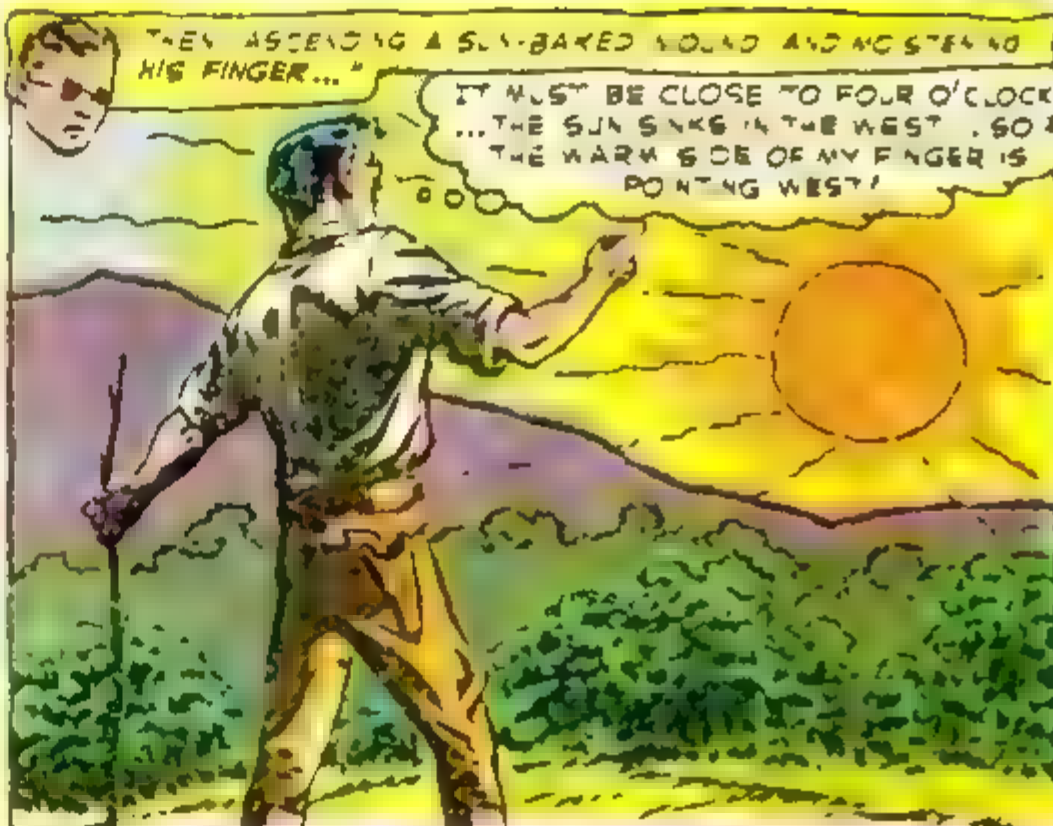
BUT AS BILL TOOK UP THE PURSUIT...

SO BROCK'S HEADED WEST FOR GWA!
BUT WHICH WAY IS WEST?



THEY ASCENDING A SUN-BAKED MOUND AND HOLDING HIS FINGER...

IT MUST BE CLOSE TO FOUR O'CLOCK...
...THE SUN SINKS IN THE WEST... SO
THE WARM SIDE OF MY FINGER IS
POINTING WEST!



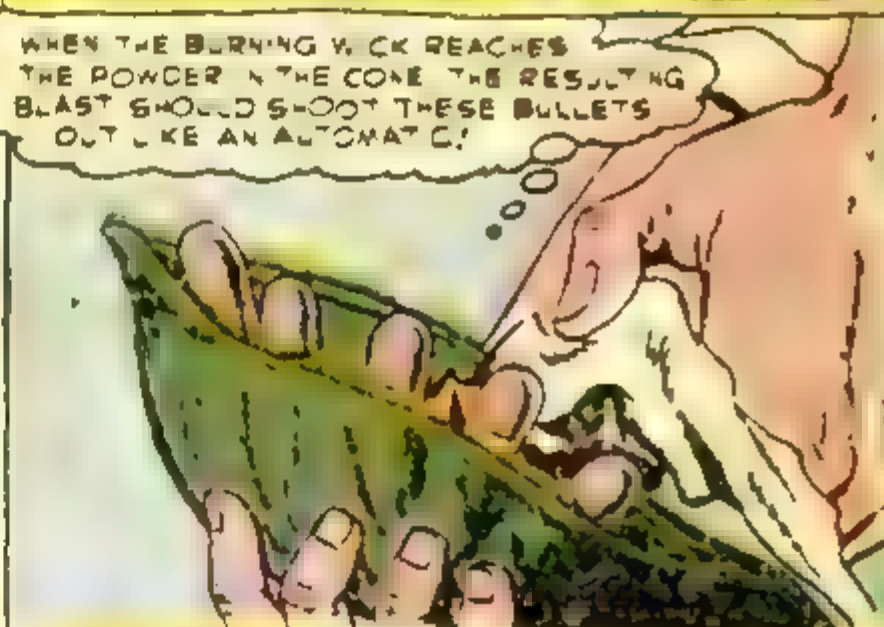
BUT AS BILL SET OUT ON THE WESTWARD TRAIL...

BROCK CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD BUT I'LL
NEVER CATCH HIM UNLESS... UNLESS... I CAN
SOMEHOW MAKE HIM BELIEVE I'VE ALREADY
HEADED HIM OFF SO HE'LL BACKTRACK!!



ACTING ON AN IDEA, CONGO BILL PLUCKED A LARGE
SEED CONE, IN WHICH HE STUFFED FIVE SHELLS IN
A LAYER OF POWDER FROM A SIXTH SHELL... THEN

WHEN THE BURNING WICK REACHES
THE POWDER IN THE CONE THE RESULTING
BLAST SHOULD SHOOT THESE BULLETS
OUT LIKE AN AUTOMATIC!



MOMENTS LATER USING A
SAPLING AS A CATAPULT...

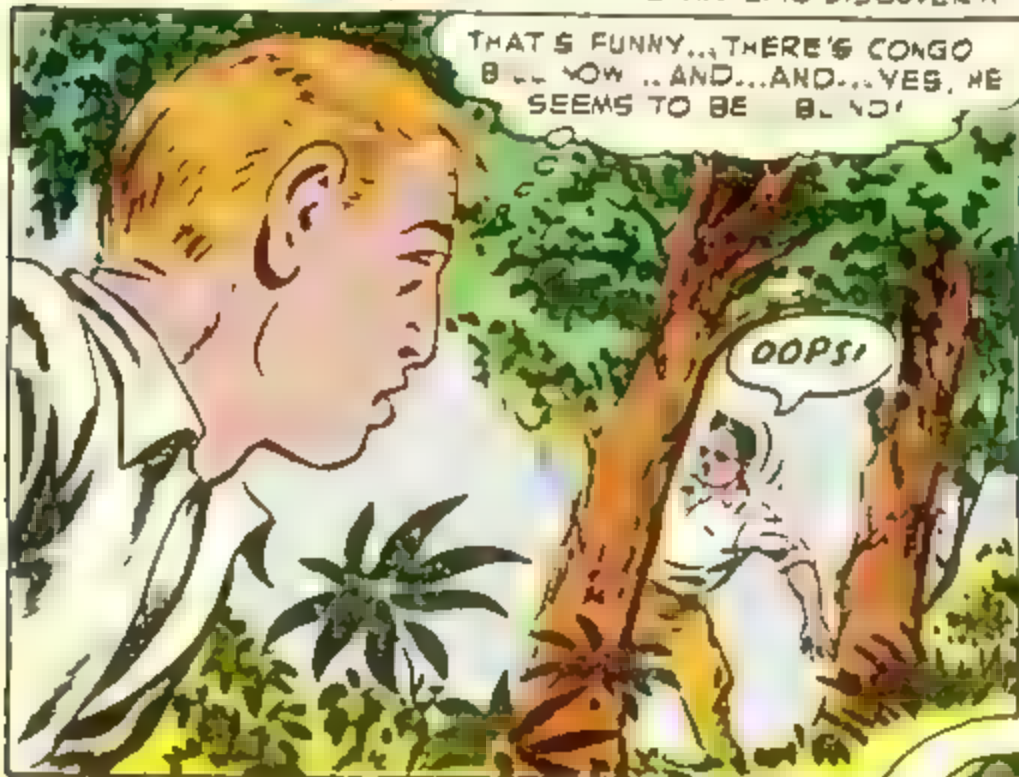


AND BOOM!

IT MUST BE CONGO BILL WHO
HEADED ME OFF! I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE THE LONG ROUTE
AROUND!



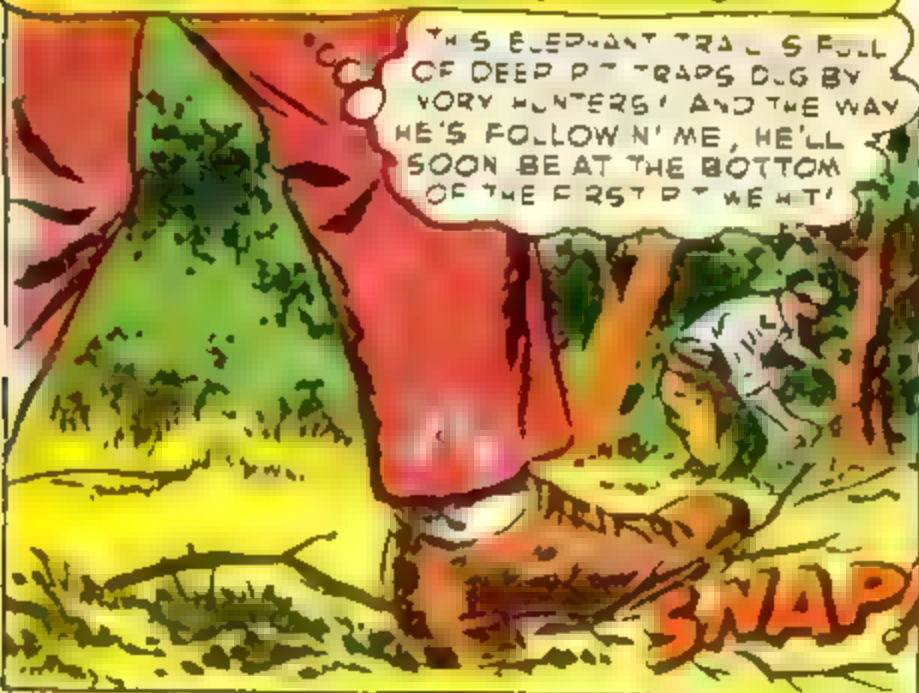
"BUT ON THE WAY BACK, BROCK MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



JUST MY LUCK NOT HAVIN' A GUN HANDY...AND CONGO BILL'S TOO TOUGH TO HANDLE WITH MY BARE HANDS, EYES OR NO EYES! BUT WAIT, I JUST GOT AN IDEA!



"THE WILY BROCK PUT HIS PLAN INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION, DELIBERATELY STEPPING ON A CRUTCH TO ATTRACT THE ADVENTURER'S ATTENTION."



MEANT ME BILL WAS DOGGEDLY TRACKING HIS QUARRY.



"THEN MINUTES LATER..."

HA, ONE OF THE DEEPEST PITS I'VE EVER SEEN! I'LL JUST STEP ASIDE AND LET CONGO BILL CONTINUE ON DOWN!



"AND SURE ENOUGH..."

AT LAST, THE GREAT CONGO BILL MEETS HIS END!



"BUT THE BRACK
CRACK TO THE
EDGE FOR THE LAST
TIME!"

HEY,
LEGGO...!

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR
LITTLE TRICK, BROCK...
BUT WHEN YOU TURNED
NORTH INTO THE INTERIOR
INSTEAD OF TAKING THE
OTHER WESTERN TRAIL OF
FREEDOM, I FIGURED
YOU WERE LEADING
ME ON...!

I ALSO RECALLED THIS WAS
AN OLD ELEPHANT TRAIL AND
FULL OF SOME PRETTY
DEEP PITS YOU HOPED
I'D FALL INTO, WHICH
I DID!

BUT FIRST I TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF TYING
THIS VINE AROUND MY WAIST... A LITTLE STUNT
I PICKED UP IN THE ALPS!
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE,
BROCK... THE POLICE SHOULD BE
HERE SOON!

...AND
THAT'S THE
WHOLE
STORY!

QUITE A LITTLE
GAME YOU PLAYED,
CONGO, BILL!

YES! YOU MIGHT CALL
IT, "BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!"

ADVERTISEMENT

WILD WEST CHARLIE HAS A **LUCKY LUDEN'S TIP...**

CAN'T BUST BRONCOS
IF YOU'RE COUGHING
I RIDE 'EM LUCKY
WITH LUDEN'S
WILD CHERRY!

LUDEN'S TASTE
DANDY - YOU CAN
ALMOST TASTE
THOSE JUICY
CHERRIES!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE
ALLOWED TO EAT
LUDEN'S
IN SCHOOL

LUDEN'S
WILD CHERRY
CIGARS
DROPS

and still only 5¢

HENRY BOLTTHOFF

MISS PRICE ASKED ME TO GET A VOLUNTEER TO HELP OUT IN THE GIRLS GYM!

I'LL GO!

FINE, VIC.

GIRLS GYM - WOW!

IMAGINE HAVING THE RUN OF A PLACE LIKE THIS!

GIRLS GYM

I'M THE VOLUNTEER, MISS PRICE!

HOW SWEET OF YOU!

THE JANITOR IS HOME SICK TODAY, AND SINCE ALL THE GIRLS ARE PLAYING HOCKEY ON THE FIELD, YOU CAN MOP UP WITH NOBODY AROUND TO BOTHER YOU!

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) OF ACTION COMICS, published Monthly at New York, N. Y. for Oct. 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951. ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1952).



HE CHALLENGED *The* UNKNOWN

UP, UP, UP the face of the smoking volcano crept the young climber. Over the crest he went, and slowly down as far into the crater as the deadly fumes would let him. Why would anyone risk his life on Mount Vesuvius in such a foolhardy venture? The answer, for this young man, was only to find out why the volcano erupted!

This exploit was symbolic, of Richard Francis Burton's life. He was a man who ventured into unexplored lands as casually as you might try a new shortcut home. The big white splotches on the maps of his day, representing unknown regions, meant "Keep out" to most travelers but "This way!" to Dick Burton. His only reason for taking the reckless chances that he did was his driving curiosity, his need for finding out "why."

He was born in England in 1821, and by the time he was four years old, his desperate desire for knowledge had resulted in his mastering Greek and Latin. These were the first of more than a dozen languages he later learned, among them Persian, Arabic, Hindustani, several dialects of India, French, and Italian. His childhood was spent in France and Italy under scarcely any control at all, and the restrictions of his college education at Oxford were relieved only by his wild pranks.

Burton disliked discipline of any sort, but his enlistment in the Bombay Native Infantry gave him a chance to fight and to learn some of the Indian languages and customs. Shortly afterward, he joined a geographical survey which permitted him to mix with the people,

and soon he could pass as a native—tooling not only the people in the bazaars but his own servants and friends.

The seven years he spent in India made him familiar with every detail of oriental life. This knowledge laid the foundation for one of his most fabulous exploits—a trip in disguise to the forbidden city of Mecca!

This voyage made him famous. It was undertaken in 1853. Now Mecca is a holy city—the birthplace of Mohammed—to which all good Moslems try to make a pilgrimage once in their lifetime. In the Great Square of this city is the Kaaba, a cubical building in which is contained the holy Black Stone of the Moslems. It was this sacred stone which the daring Burton resolved to see—knowing full well that if the Moslems discovered an infidel defiling their shrine, they would instantly slash him to ribbons.

Walnut juice darkened his complexion, and, dressed as a Moslem, he boarded a ship which took him to the shores of Arabia. From this moment on, one slip, one deviation from the complicated religious routine, would mean certain death. Burton had to be a Moslem; he had to pray five times a day, to fast on certain days, to make sure not to eat certain foods. Danger lurked literally every time he took a bite or spoke a word.

Once in Arabia, Burton transferred to a caravan headed for Mecca. Thirst, sun glare, and sand were his constant enemies during the trek, and once the rich caravan, loaded with religious offerings, was attacked by

Bedouins. It was typical of Burton that even while battling these fierce tribesmen he made notes on their fighting tactics. Plague and pestilence also cut down the group, but three months later, the survivors finally sighted the sacred city.

Now especially Burton needed all his nerve. His vast knowledge of Mohammedan customs served him well, and—completely fooling the unsuspecting Moslems—he entered the shrine of the Kaaba and became the first Christian to gaze upon the Black Stone of Mecca, the holiest object in the world to hundreds of millions of Mohammedans. Ever curious, Burton noted that, because of its color and texture, it appeared to be a meteorite. He recounted the whole fabulous adventure in the book which made him famous: *Pilgrimage to Al-Medinah and Meccah*.

Daring as this trip had been, his next expedition was even more dangerous. The British government was worried about hostile tribesmen in the Somali territory who threatened the Red Sea trade. Burton was ordered to explore this area, from which no white man had ever come out alive.

His group pushed off into endless scaring desert, menaced by roving bands of savages. Even camels collapsed as Burton urged on his safari. When the terrain became too difficult for the entire caravan to traverse, Burton set off alone to visit Hara, the capital of Somaliland and a legendary city supposedly built with gilded towers.

Arriving there, alone amidst thousands of enemies, Burton met the Amir, ruler of the Somali territory. The Amir explained to Burton that although he had only 50 soldiers, the secret of his power lay in his slaves, thousands of wild captives. Burton took in this information, and a lot more besides—the squalor of the people, the fortifications (whose towers weren't gilded), the location of water wells, and so forth.

He had almost finished his surveys when a friendly native warned him one night that he was about to be attacked. Burton just managed to gather up his notes and instruments and flee. So close was the escape that, as he

was pushing off his canoe, a native spear pierced his jaw. But the indestructible Burton lived to write *First Footsteps in East Africa* about his experiences—and then to fight in the Crimean War!

After peace, he lectured at the Royal Geographical Society of England about his experiences in Africa. Shortly afterward, he was given an expedition to strike from Zanzibar in search of the unknown sources of the Nile River in the land known as the "Mountains of the Moon." With his trusted friend and helper, Lt. John Speke, he pushed on into darkest Africa and discovered Lake Tanganyika, second-largest lake in Africa and one of the deepest in the world. Here, on the shores of his greatest discovery, sickness did what neither wounds nor dangers had been able to do: stop Burton. But Speke pushed on and discovered Lake Victoria, largest lake in Africa and the long-sought-for source of the Nile.

Back in England, Burton was knighted by Queen Victoria for his hardships, enterprise, and exploits on behalf of the crown. Three years later, he was back in Africa, exploring the Gold Coast region on the western edge of the Dark Continent. In 1860, he paid a flying visit to the United States.

Shortly afterward, he entered the British Foreign Service, where his unequalled knowledge of oriental customs and languages proved priceless. During this time, he wrote many books about the lands that he had traveled. These were very valuable to scientists in throwing new light upon unknown lands. Another book—one of the most famous—was his sixteen-volume translation of the "Arabian Nights," entitled *The Thousand Nights and a Night*. Here again, his knowledge of Mohammedan customs and language made the book much clearer and livelier for the reader.

After a life of adventure enough for a dozen ordinary men, Burton died in October, 1890. Over his grave, his wife built a marble monument in the form of an Arab tent, which has become a shrine for explorers. But Burton's real shrine is the idolizing memory of adventurers the world over.

—Ben Galloway

VIGILANTE

WHEN A
WAVE OF
CRIMINALITY
MADE DOUBT
THE MOST BRAZEN
FEAR IN WESTERN
HOLLYWOOD, THE VAL-
ANT VIGILANTE
STAYED BY HIS
LEADERSHIP.
FOR HE HAD
DISCOVERED THAT THE
DARKNESS OF THE
CITY HAD
THREATENED
CAN LIFE --
AND ONLY THE
THE VIGILANTE
SHEER CAN
WILL TO BRING
ABOUT THE TRUTH
BEHIND.

"The SECOND VIGILANTE!"

ONLY GOT 2 ME
TO STOP THEM
FROM UNMASKING
ONE OF THE
VIGILANTES... BUT
WHICH ONE IS
GREG SANDERS?



MOONLIGHT IN DEEP LAKE CANYON, AS THE GAL-
LANT VIGILANTE SCALDS TREACHEROUS
SAND BUCKS IN PURSUIT OF AN OUTLAW...

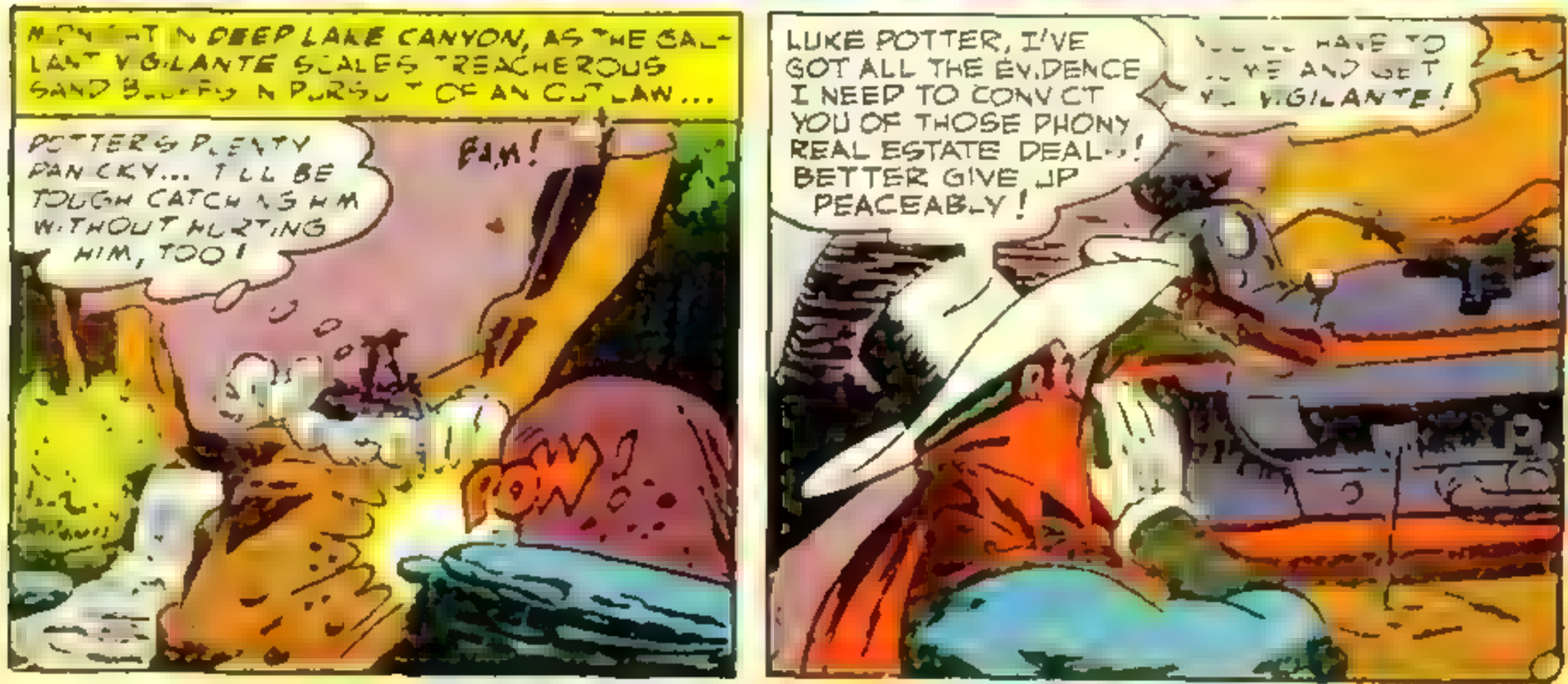
POTTER'S PLENTY
PANCKY... I'LL BE
TOUGH CATCHING HIM
WITHOUT HURTING
HIM, TOO!

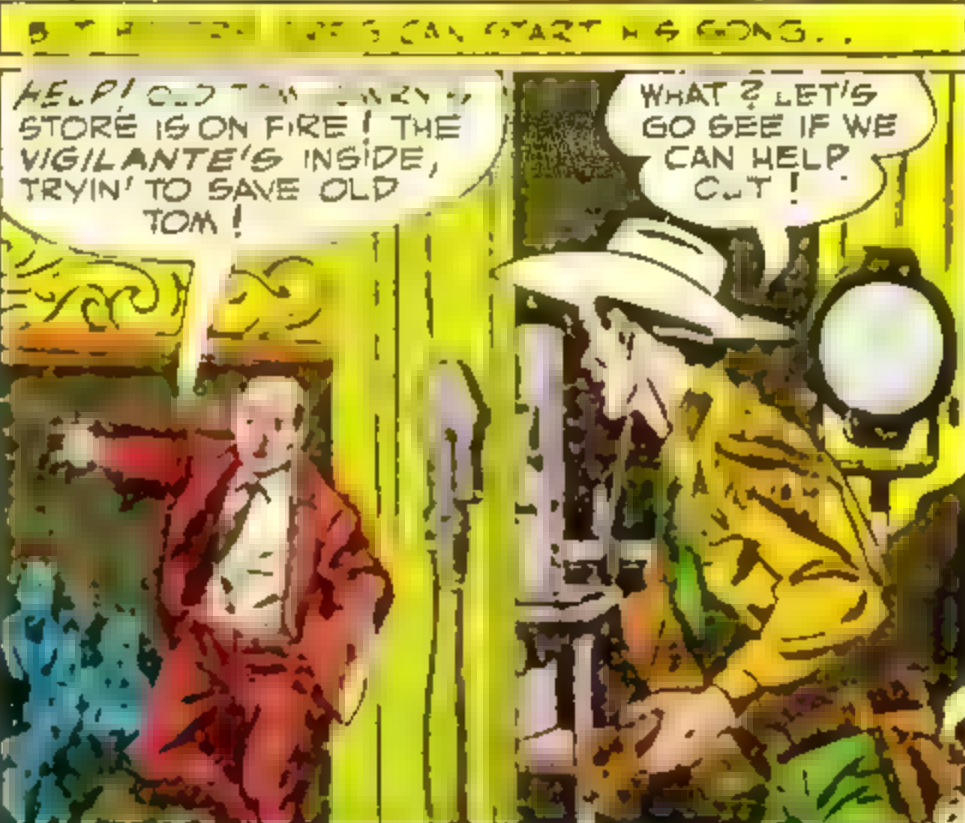
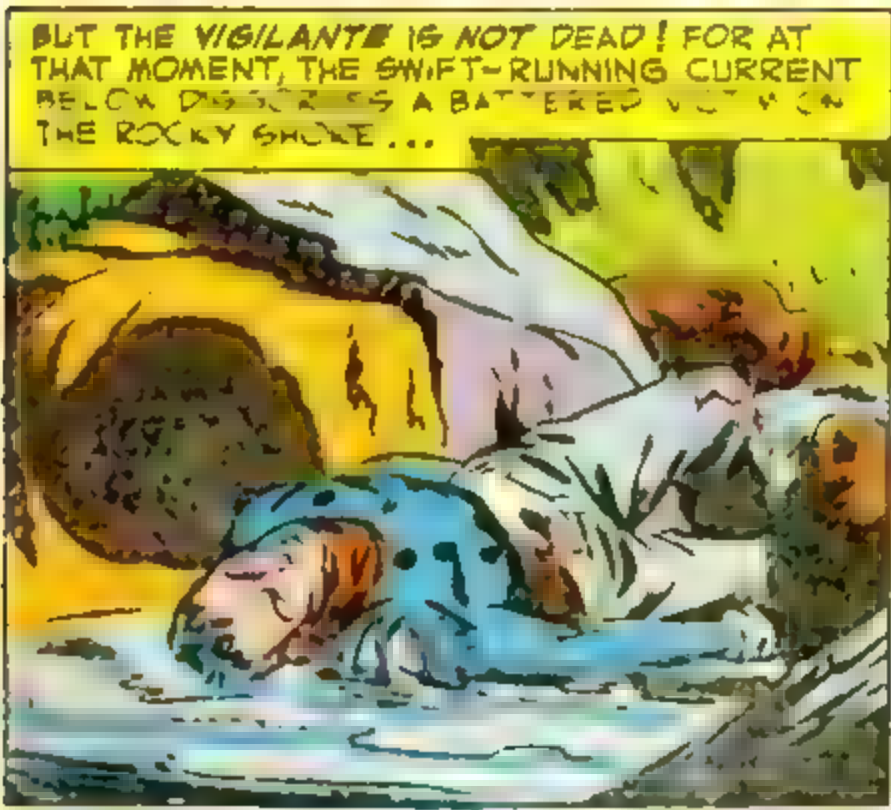
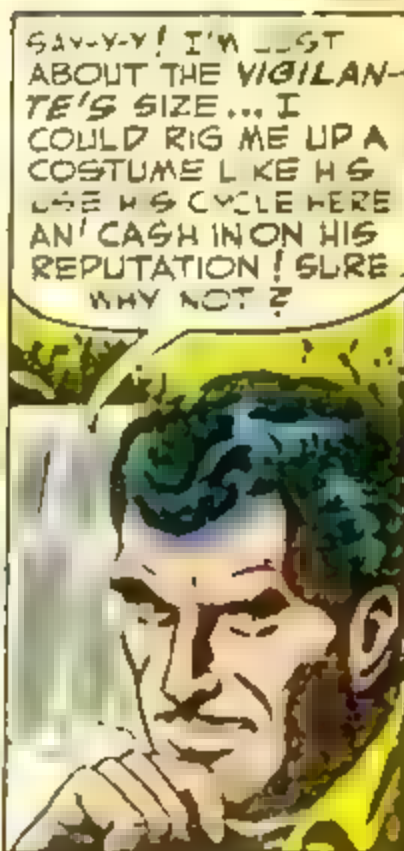
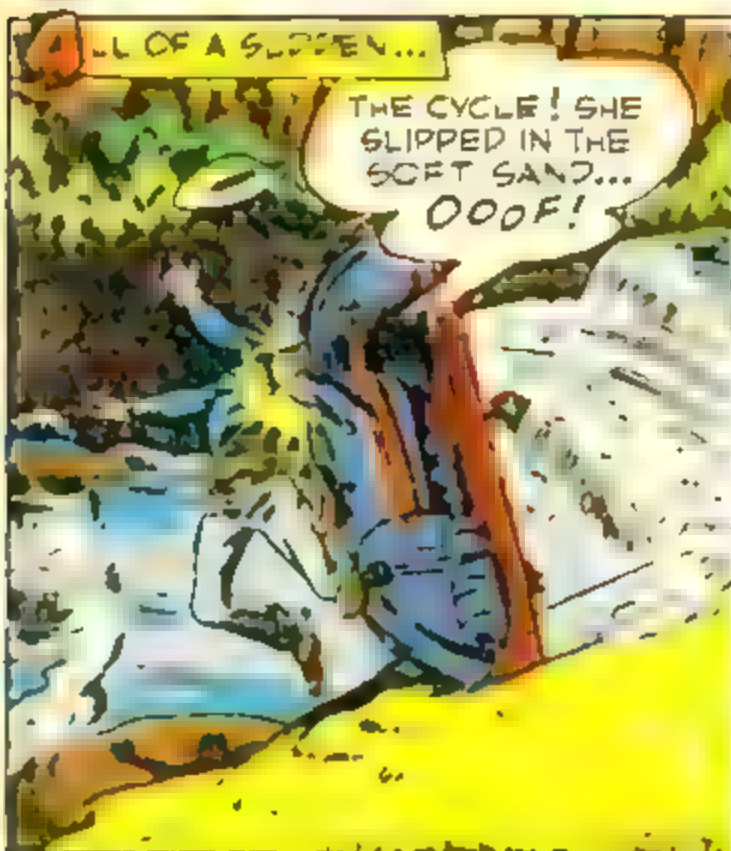
BAH!

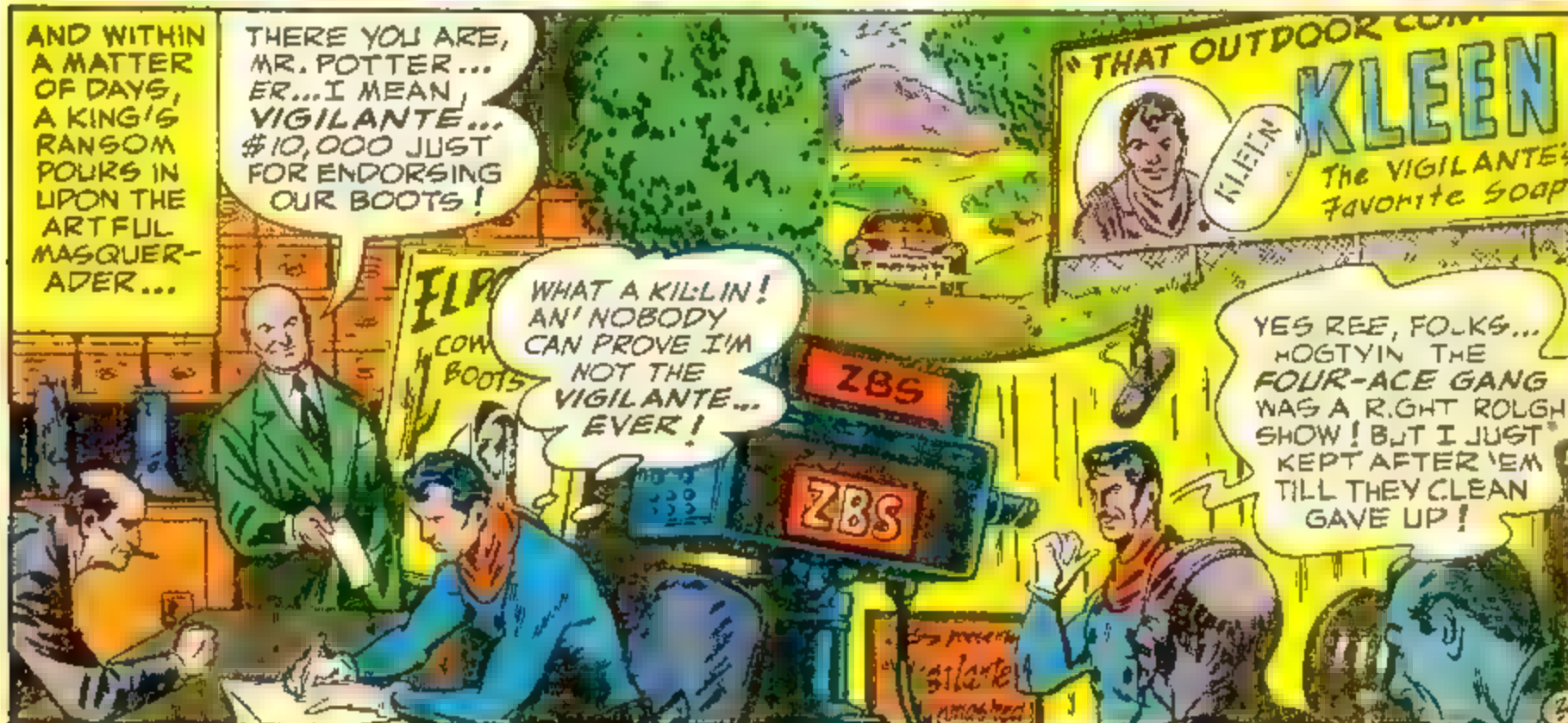
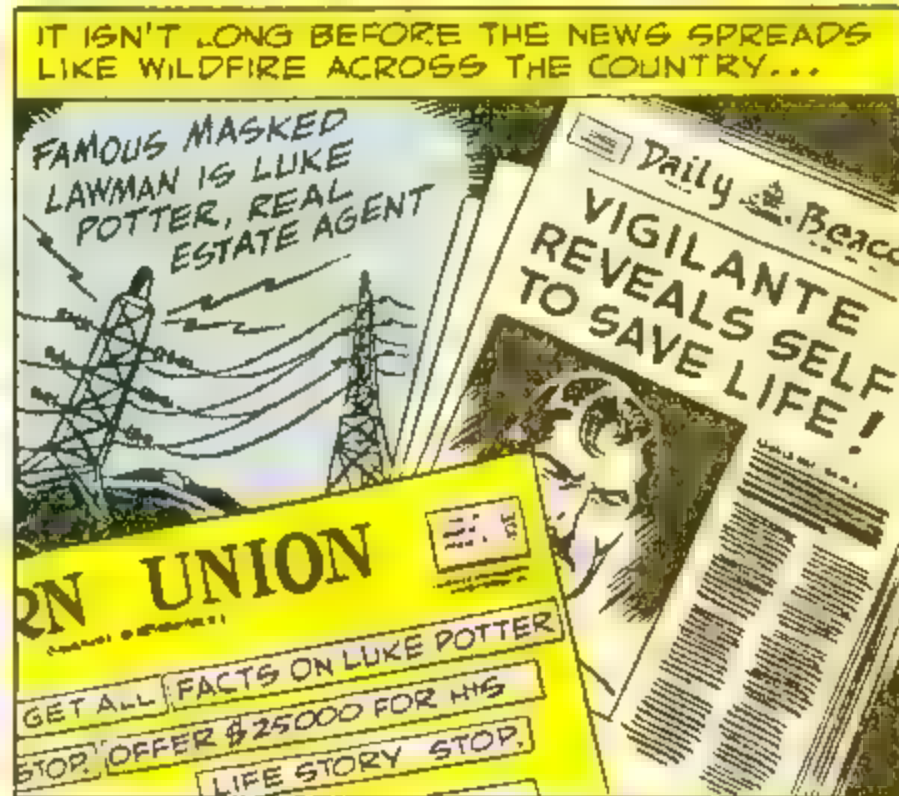
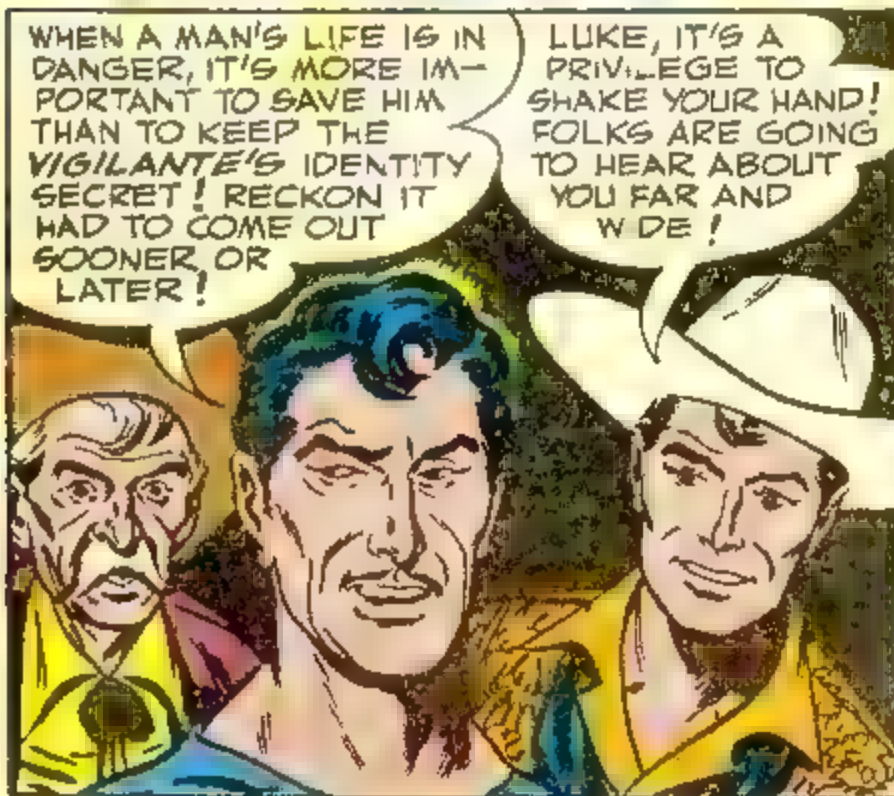
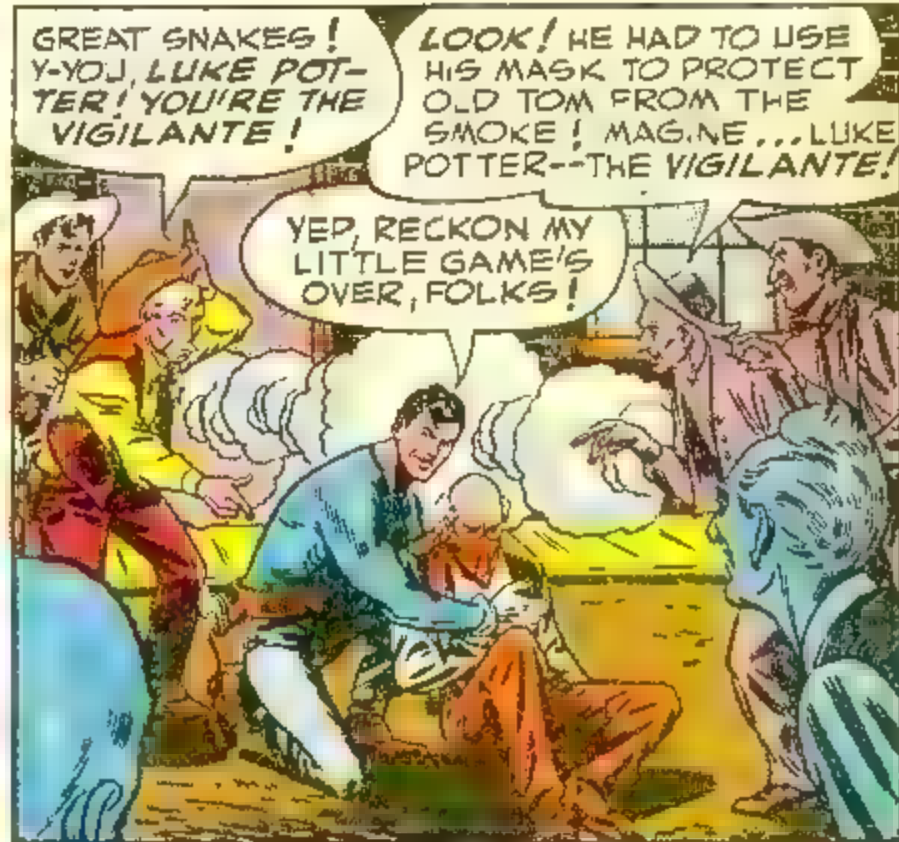
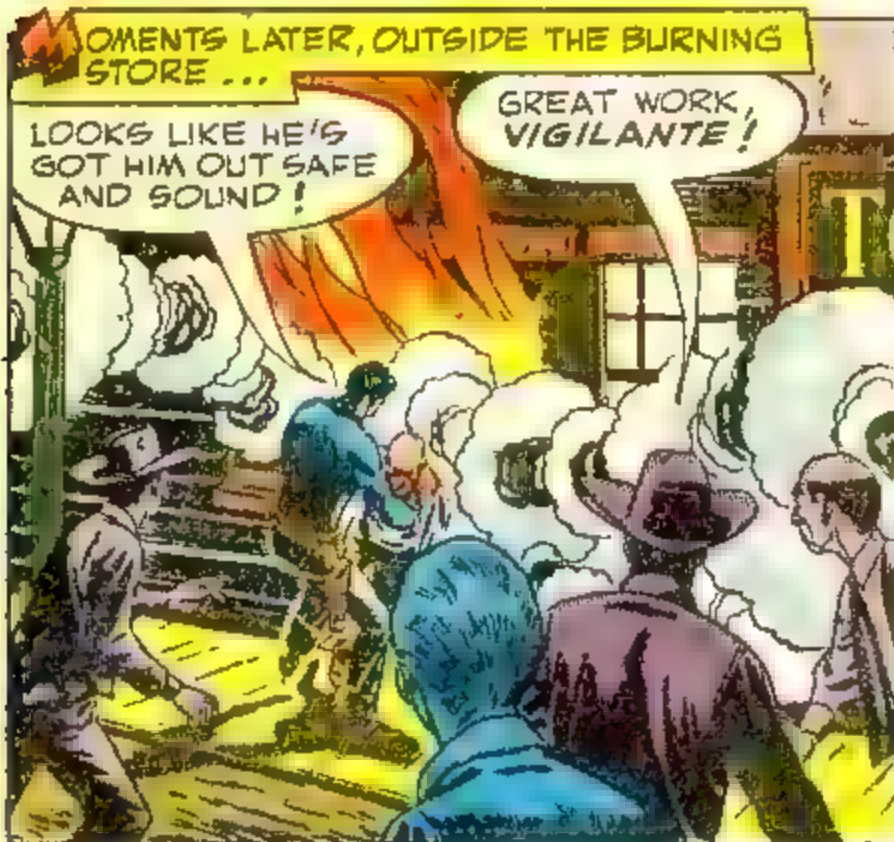
POW!

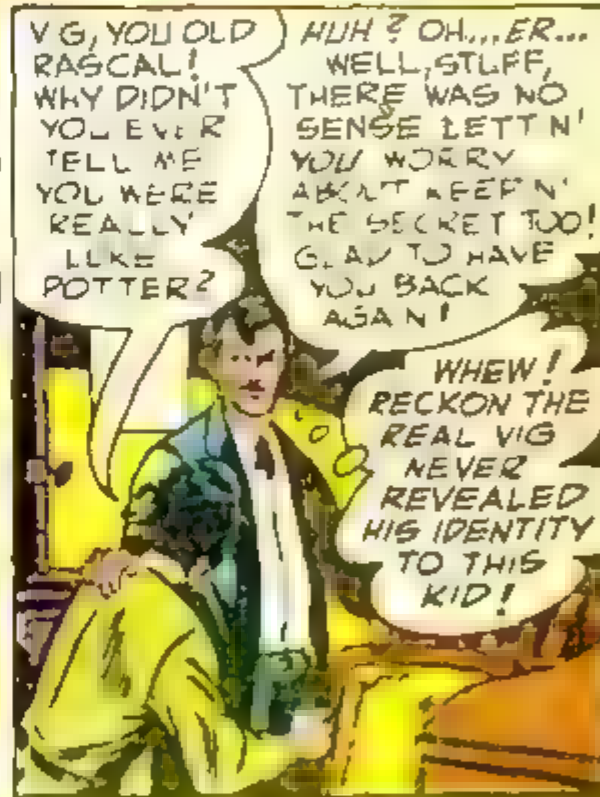
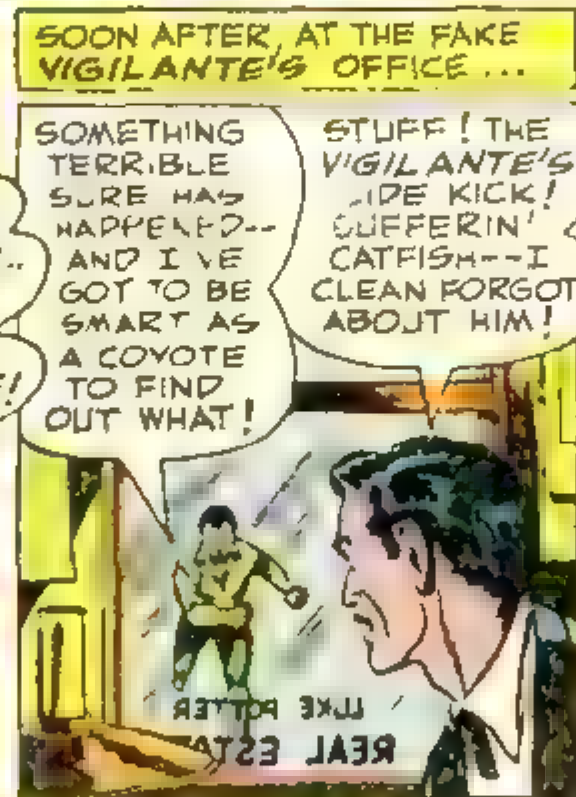
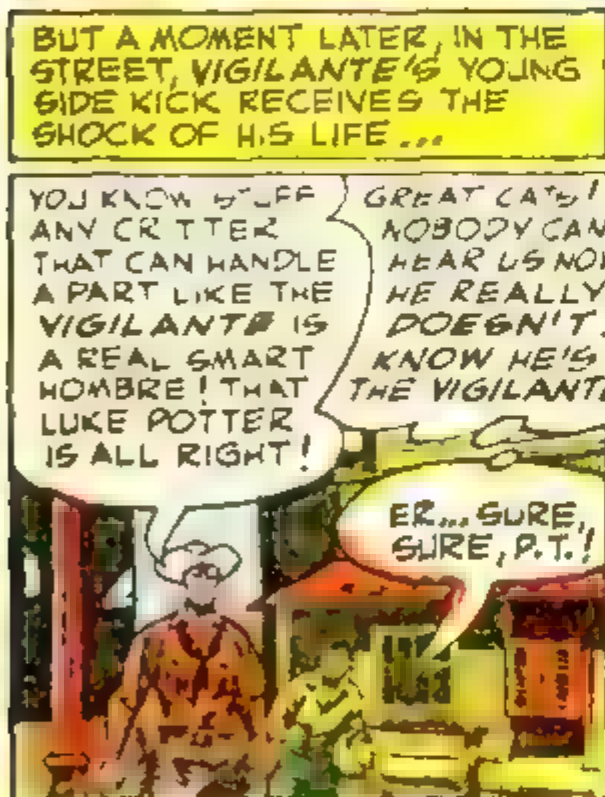
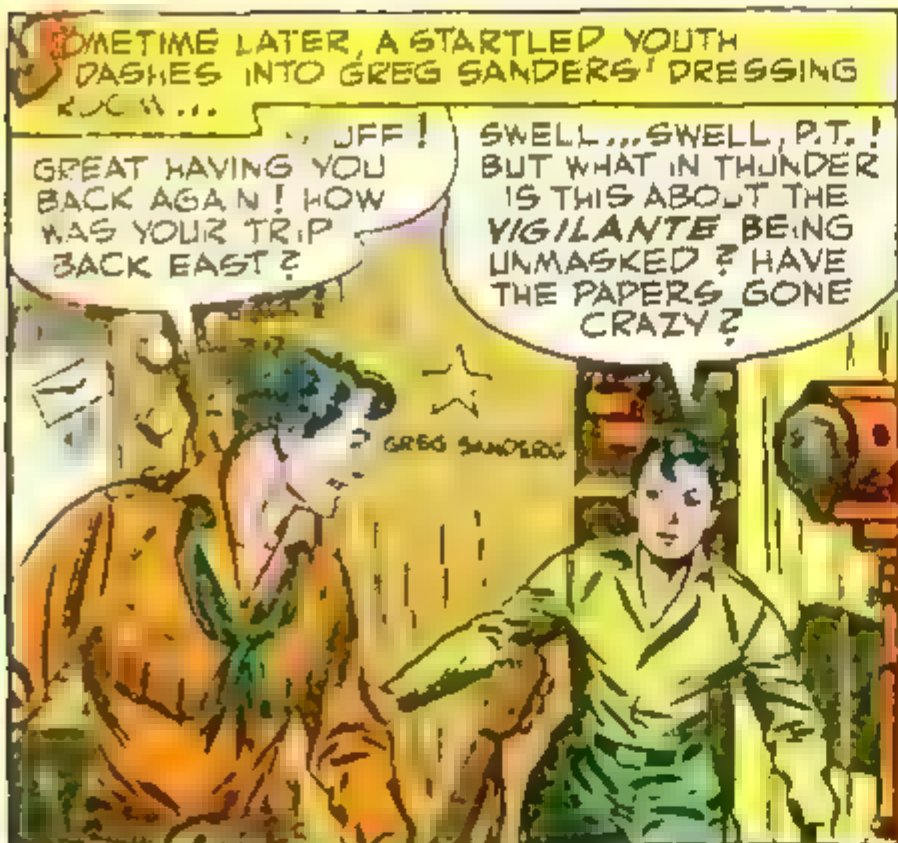
LUKE POTTER, I'VE
GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE
I NEED TO CONVICT
YOU OF THOSE PHONY
REAL ESTATE DEALS!
BETTER GIVE UP
PEACEABLY!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
MOVE AND GET
THE VIGILANTE!



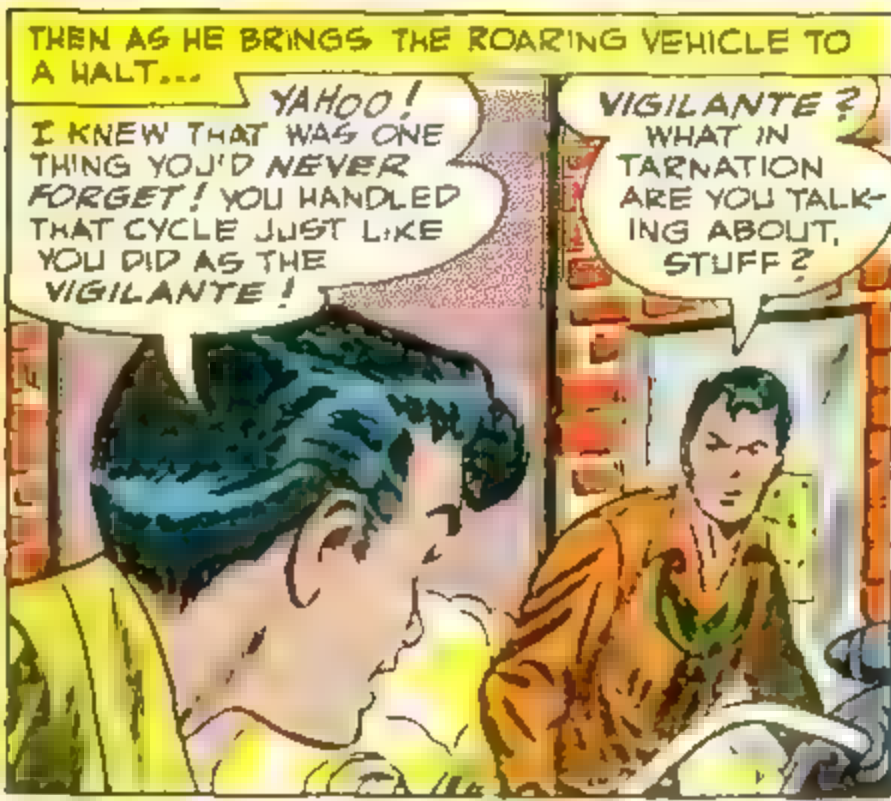








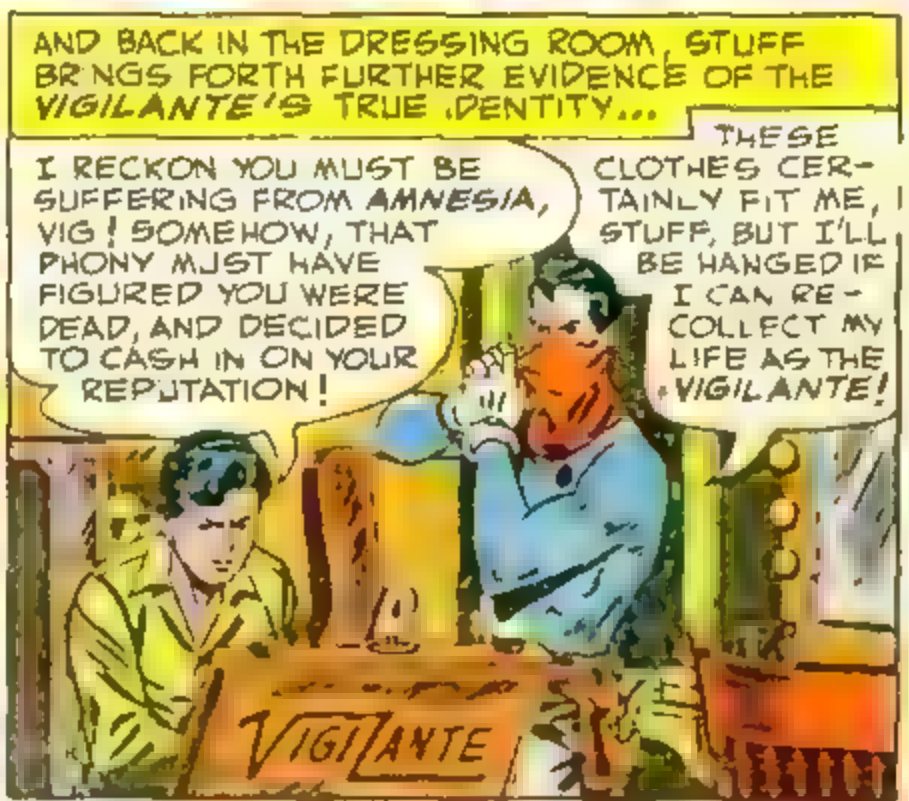
INSTINCTIVELY, GREG MANEUVERS THE SPEEDING CYCLE LIKE A PROFESSIONAL...



THEN AS HE BRINGS THE ROARING VEHICLE TO A HALT...

YAHOO! I KNEW THAT WAS ONE THING YOU'D NEVER FORGET! YOU HANDLED THAT CYCLE JUST LIKE YOU DID AS THE VIGILANTE!

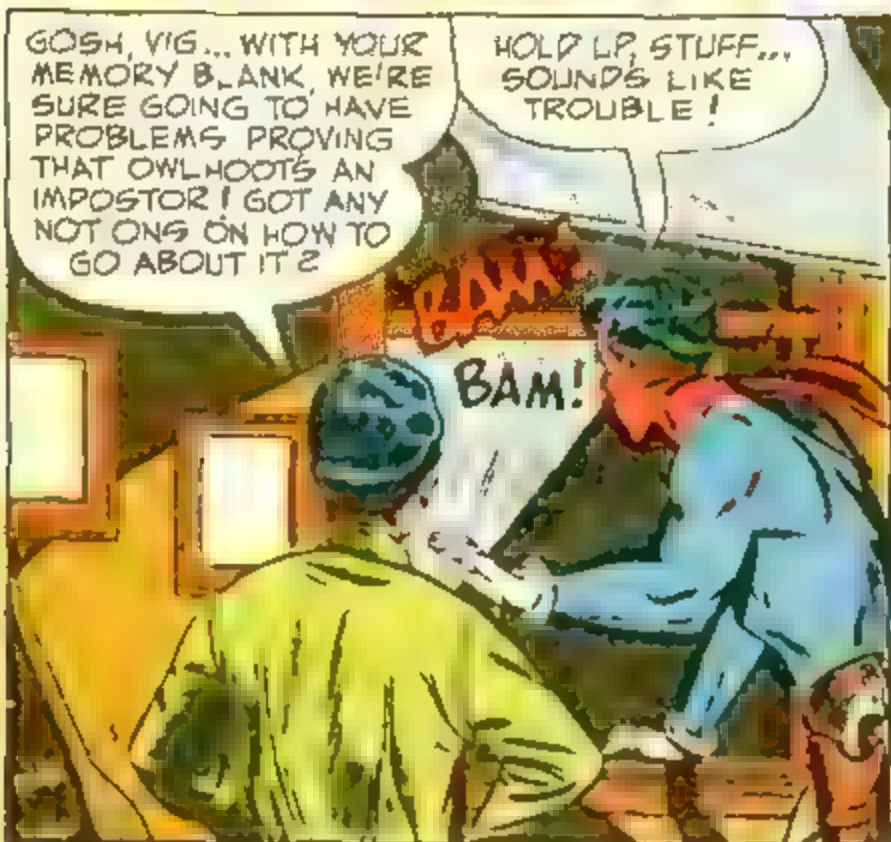
VIGILANTE? WHAT IN TARNATION ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, STUFF?



AND BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM, STUFF BRINGS FORTH FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE VIGILANTE'S TRUE IDENTITY...

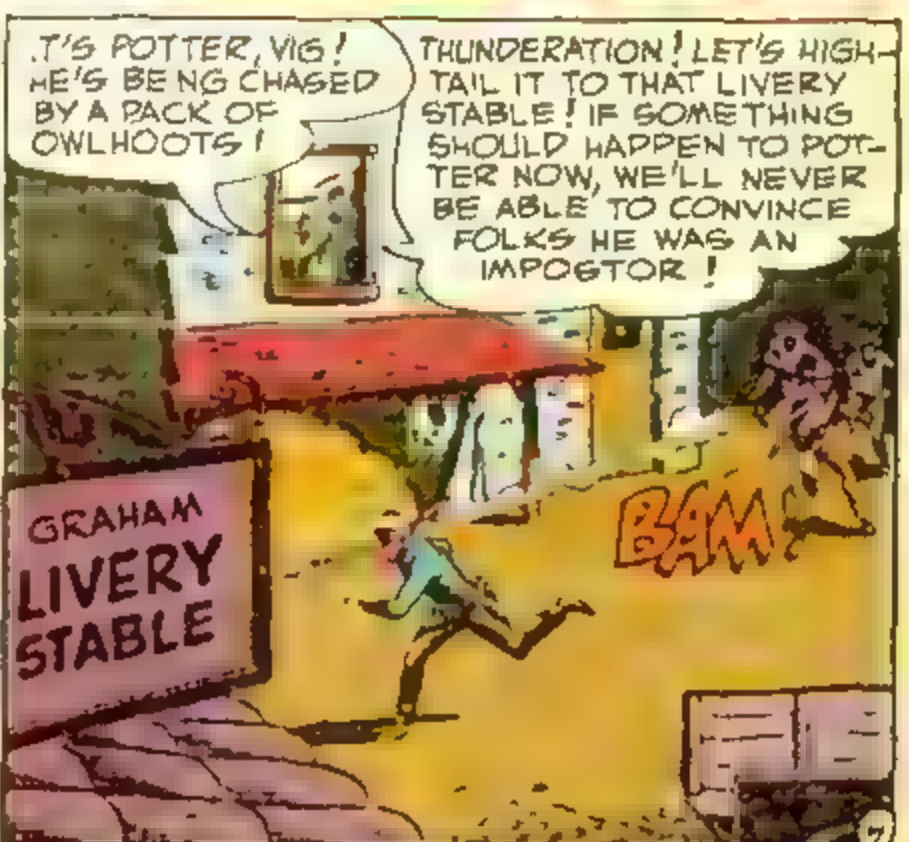
I RECKON YOU MUST BE SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA, VIG! SOMEHOW, THAT PHONY MUST HAVE FIGURED YOU WERE DEAD, AND DECIDED TO CASH IN ON YOUR REPUTATION!

THESE CLOTHES CERTAINLY FIT ME, STUFF, BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF I CAN RE-COLLECT MY LIFE AS THE VIGILANTE!



GOSH, VIG... WITH YOUR MEMORY BLANK, WE'RE SURE GOING TO HAVE PROBLEMS PROVING THAT OWLHOOTS AN IMPOSTOR! GOT ANY NOTIONS ON HOW TO GO ABOUT IT?

HOLD UP, STUFF... SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!



IT'S POTTER, VIG! HE'S BEING CHASED BY A PACK OF OWLHOOTS!

THUNDERATION! LET'S HIGH-TAIL IT TO THAT LIVERY STABLE! IF SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO POTTER NOW, WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CONVINCE FOLKS HE WAS AN IMPOSTOR!

MINUTES LATER, IN THE LIVERY STABLE...

THERE HE IS BOYS... BLAST HIM DOWN!

TOO LATE... GOT TO FIGHT FOR IT!

SADDL
HORSE
FOR HIRE
FOUR
DAY

BUT AS THE GUNMEN PREPARE TO FIRE...

HUH?

HATE TO PROTECT THIS BUZZARD POTTER BUT IT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO TILL I CAN PROVE HE'S A PHONY!

AND AFTER THE OUTLAWS FLEE, GREG SLIPS QUIETLY INTO THE GATHERING CROWD...

THAT WAS A MIGHTY CLOSE CALL, VIGILANTE... ANY IDEAS AS TO WHO THEY WERE?

PROBABLY SOME GANG THAT'S BENT ON DOING IN THE VIGILANTE, SHERFF! RECKON A LOT OF HIS ENEMIES WILL FIND IT A MITE EASIER TO LOCATE HIM, NOW THAT HE'S EXPOSED! RIGHT, VIG?

Y-YUP... G-GLESS YOU'RE RIGHT, SANDERS! THINK I'LL TURN IN NOW!

SURE WISH I HAD YOUR COURAGE, VIGILANTE! BEING BOUNTY FOR A PACK OF OUTLAWS MUST WEIGH ON YOUR MIND! WELL, G'NIGHT!

LATER... YOU SURE PLANTED WORRY IN POTTER'S MIND P.T.! HE NEVER FIGURED ON BECOMING NUMBER ONE ON THE OUTLAW HATE PARADE, WHEN HE DECIDED TO MASQUERADE AS VIGILANTE!

IT COULD ALSO PROVE DANGEROUS FOR US, STUFF!

IF POTTER HAPPENED TO BE KILLED BY SOME OF VIGILANTE'S ENEMIES, WE'D FIND IT MIGHTY DIFFICULT PROVING THE TRUTH! RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP A WEATHER EYE ON POTTER AND HOPE FOR A BREAK!

A WEEK LATER, AS GREG ENTERS THE MUSIC HALL FOR REHEARSAL...

P.T.! POTTER LEFT EARLY THIS MORNING FOR TWIN ROCKS! SEEMS SOME RANCHER WANTS TO REWARD THE VIGILANTE FOR SAVING HIS SPREAD!

TWIN ROCKS? THAT'S OUTLAW TERRITORY! THAT MONEY MAD CRITTER NEVER STOPPED TO THINK IT MIGHT BE A TRAP! I'VE GOT TO HIGH-TAIL IT OUT THERE!

PAGE
ANCE
OUT!

WHILE LATER, AT TWIN ROCKS...

MIGHTY NICE OF YUH TO OBLIGE US THIS WAY, **VIGILANTE!** BEFORE WE DO YUH IN, I'M GONNA SETTLE UP FOR THAT PRISON TERM YUH GAVE ME!

WAIT...TH- THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE!

BUT AS THE OUTLAW PREPARES TO TAKE HIS REVENGE...

ALL RIGHT, YUH VARMINTS! GRAB SKY AND DON'T TWITCH A MUSCLE!

A-ANOTHER **VIGILANTE!**

IT CAN'T BE!

ABRUPTLY, GUNFIRE RINGS OUT FROM A LEDGE BELOW, AND...

GOT HIM!

JUST GRAZED HIS FOREHEAD, JED... HE'S COMIN' ROUND!

PROP HIM UP AGAINST THE ROCK... ONE O' THESE CRITTERS IS POTTER, THE **REAL** **VIGILANTE**, AN' I AIM TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE, PRONTO!

BUT JUST THEN, HIDDEN IN A CONVENIENT GULLY, THE **VIGILANTE'S** VALIANT SIDEKICK SUDDENLY SPRINGS INTO ACTION..

CAN'T LET THEM FIND OUT GREG IS THE **REAL** **VIGILANTE!** IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE **VIG-CYCLE**--

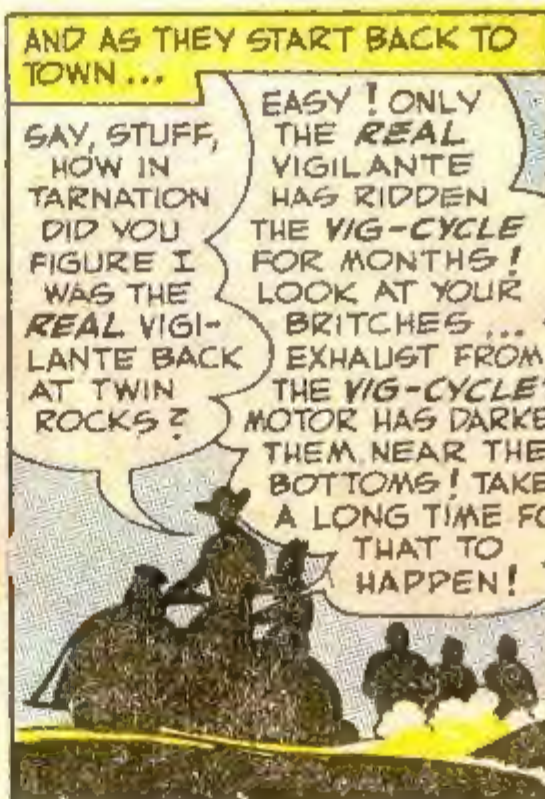
REACHING THE MECHANICAL BRONC, STUFF BRINGS IT SPEEDING TOWARD THE SCENE...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS... UNMASK THE CRITTERS!

THUNDERATION! ONLY GOT TIME TO STOP THEM FROM UNMASKING ONE OF THE **VIGILANTES**-- BUT WHICH ONE IS GREG?

SWIFTLY, STUFF'S ALERT EYES STUDY THE PAIR, THEN...

HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

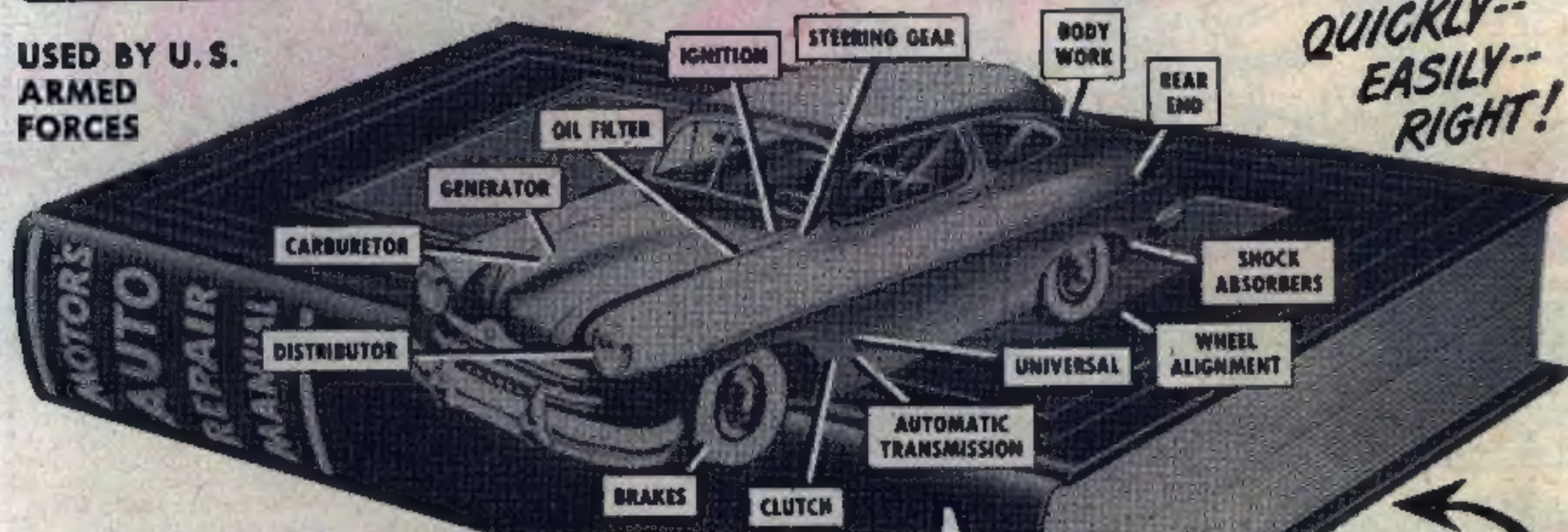


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